AMNESTY—WHAT KIND & WHEN? **ROBERT K. MUSIL**

THE NATION

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STREET GIRLS
If Nobody Wants You, Where Do You Go?
CELESTE MacLEOD

PROGRAM FOR A CRISIS
THE FRENCH LEFT CLOSES RANKS
George Weisz

Sending Congress a Message
IMPEACHMENT AT THE GRASS ROOTS
FINLAY LEWIS

Studs Terkel / Justin Kaplan's 'Lincoln Steffens'

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LETTERS

human detente

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I want to bring to your attention an urgent appeal on behalf of Soviet dissidents from Dr. Andrei Sakharov. The appeal was sent on February 1 to the Social Democrats, U.S.A. on the occasion of its presentation to this great Soviet dissenter the Norman Thomas Freedom Award, in memory of the great American dissenter.

In his eloquent plea for peace and human rights for all people, Dr. Sakharov said:

> We all welcome the negotiations that are now being held aimed at preventing a thermonuclear war, as well as the armaments race, and to promote negotiations directed to increased trade relations—in short, all that is denoted by the word "détente." But at the same time . . . the external détente is tragically not accompanied by an internal and human détente.

To achieve a human détente, Dr. Sakharov urges us to support a program of what he calls "social campaigns" on behalf of Soviet dissidents which include: A campaign for free access by the representatives of the International Red Cross and World Health Organization to inspect the Soviet places of incarcerations and mental hospitals; a campaign for amnesty of Soviet political prisoners; a campaign for freedom of emigration; a campaign to defend all the honest writers who have been harassed.

If there is to be peace in the world, then those in the East and West, like academician Sakharov, who oppose military solutions to political problems and insist on human rights for all, must be free to speak out. He needs the support of those with diverse views who believe in the principles of civil rights.

The plight of Dr. Sakharov and other Soviet dissidents is extremely grave. Those who want to help can volunteer their participation, or offer financial contributions to the Andrei Sakharov Campaign; Bayard Rustin, chairman; 1182 Broadway, Suite 802; New York, N. Y. 10001.

Bayard Rustin

bad to worse

New Haven, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: In his letter [*The Nation*, April 6] John Bright chides the editors for suggesting that those who deplore repression in the USSR should also speak out against violations of human rights in other countries. His disingenuous point is that "no Lincoln Steffens ever said of Turkey, Iran or South Africa: 'I have seen the future—and it works!' "

True enough, but neither can it be denied that numerous journalists, politicians and academics have ritually included those autocracies within a mythical entity still referred to as the "Free World." It is also a fact too well hidden that, in the 1930s, Henry Luce praised Franco and Mussolini, singling out "the moral force of fascism" as the wave of the future (see Swanberg, *Luce and his Empire*). More recently, the mass-circulation weeklies bring back glowing reports about an "economic miracle" in Brazil, saying in effect that Brazil is the Third World's future—and it works!

More important, the governments in Teheran, Santiago and of course Saigon have been openly aided, abetted and even *installed* by our Free Worlders in Washington. The latter thus bear a direct responsibility for repression in countries such as those listed by Mr. Bright, whereas the "myths" and "moral passion" of a Steffens cannot be put to blame for Stalinism or the Brezhnev doctrine. Naïveté about the USSR is bad, but the cynical lies concealing our overseas enormities are a great deal worse.

Gene Bell, Lecturer in Spanish, Yale University

The editors welcome letters from readers but regret that space limitations often prevent publication of those of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

Burned Out

More damaging than the large amount of back taxes found to be owed by the President (roughly $565,000, with interest but no penalties) is the evidence of bold chiseling: Tricia's $5,391 masked ball, the 341 trips by members of the family and friends traveling unaccompanied by the President on government aircraft (estimated cost: $27,015), the $2,679 fence and the other improvements at San Clemente, including a $1,600 terrazzo tile shuffleboard, $3,500 beach cabana, $388.78 fireplace exhaust fan, and picture windows ($1,500) in the den. These and similar items bear the telltale stamp of the chronic chiseler. They cannot be condoned, nor will they be quickly forgotten. No doubt other Presidents have been careless about accepting the "amenities" which sycophantic bureaucrats are always eager to provide, even when they are not specifically requested. But this President was not seduced by proffered amenities: he took advantage of his office to claim tax benefits to which he was not entitled so that he might enrich himself. *Time* quotes New York University Accounting Prof. Abe Briloff as saying that the pattern of errors in Nixon's returns are so "egregious" that he believes "they were not mere inadvertences but a carefully orchestrated, finely tuned program." Far from being errors of incompetence, they were part of a carefully projected six-year plan by which the President, who boasts of having practiced considerable tax law, set out to make himself a millionaire.

The orders to the tax lawyers and advisers came from the President by way of Ehrlichman. "Any illusion that we had options," one tax adviser is quoted as saying, "is crazy. The pattern was set in 1969 and the deductions for 1970 and 1971 and 1972 just followed suit." The intent that motivated this get-rich-quick tax scheme is shown by the persistent efforts to conceal it. Only incessant prodding by the press forced piecemeal disclosures extending over a period of many months.

Partisans of the President now contend that his offer to pay the IRS assessment demonstrates his good faith. But the President had no alternative; he had asked the Joint Committee to conduct the audit and he had agreed to be bound by it. True to form, he now seeks to place the blame on those who prepared his returns. But one of his tax lawyers finds this contention "ridiculous . . . we went over the returns page by page." The size of the assessment does not entitle the President to any sympathy; indeed he is lucky to get off so lightly. The question of fraud was not raised in the Joint Committee's report nor, apparently, by the IRS, but there is evidence of fraud on at least two major items—the gift of papers to Archives and the capital gains—and the determination now rests with the House Judiciary Committee. In any case, the President will survive the financial blow without much pain. W. Clement Stone, the Chicago tycoon, has offered to pay the back taxes and the President still has papers valued at $1.5 million which can no doubt be disposed of to advantage.

In addition to the issue of fraud, the matter of unpaid

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California taxes is still pending. If the President had paid state income taxes after he registered to vote in California in 1969 and acquired a permanent residence there, he might have avoided payment of a capital gain on the sale of his New York apartment. But he insisted on a regal immunity not enjoyed by any member of the California Congressional delegation, so now he must settle with the state tax authorities. California's Assembly Committee on Revenue and Taxation will determine whether the State Franchise Board erred in its ruling that the President never acquired state residence for tax purposes.

Even broader issues remain unresolved. Why did the IRS so quickly and casually approve the President's returns and then congratulate him on the "care" shown in their preparation? Even earlier, the IRS computer had flashed a signal that one of these returns should be carefully checked. And why was the official who wrote the congratulatory letter promoted to head the Philadelphia office? Why did other government agencies so quickly approve demands for real estate improvements that were so peremptorily issued by Rebozo and Kalmbach?

The most disturbing thing about this shabby business—the "squalid dodging," to quote *The Washington Post*—of the President's taxes is that, but for Watergate, it might never have been discovered. From the outset the President and his advisers proceeded on the then well-founded assumption that his returns would never be questioned by the IRS; indeed, the scheme hinged on this assumption. What does this tell us about the extent to which this President came to think of himself as above the law and beyond its reach? Of course Mr. Nixon, in his typically evasive manner, says that he tried to do only what other rich men try to do, but he is not just another rich man; he is President of the United States and is supposed to set an example worth emulation. As to the example he has set, a constituent of Rep. Wayne Hays would like a bill introduced to provide that "nobody has to pay his taxes until he gets caught, and then there's no penalty"—a sentiment which must be widespread in the wake of the disclosed tax capers of Spiro Agnew and Richard M. Nixon.

A White House spokesman, Gerald Warren, wants us to believe that the President's back taxes now constitute "a closed case." Not so; the case will have echoes and sequels. In the meantime, the Joint Committee's report strikes a devastating blow at what is left of the President's reputation, his credibility, his sense of public responsibility. His tax conniving is one issue, it has been said with some condescension, that "even a cab driver in the Bronx can really understand." Quite true. It is also true that, in this instance, even the President's partisans cannot contend that he has been dealt with unfairly. The committee's report, prepared by a highly respected nonpartisan staff, has been endorsed by a bipartisan committee by a 9-to-1 vote. The IRS, when it finally came alive, reached almost identical conclusions. The President has no alibi this time, but to date he has not conceded even the appearance of wrongdoing—not even in failing to pay the employer's Social Security tax on a maid employed at San Clemente while taking one-quarter of her wages as a "business deduction." As Sen. James Buckley puts it, "The Nixon Presidency is burned out. There may

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be movement, there may be action, there may be signs of energy. But there can never again be life. The spirit of the Nixon Administration has been shattered forever, irrevocably." At best that spirit was a feeble wick but it has now been totally extinguished. And the shame continues —witness the "high official" of the French Foreign Ministry who is quoted as saying of Mr. Nixon's recent visit to Paris that he had "shamelessly substituted a publicity campaign for the mourning of an entire nation, introducing an atmosphere of loud feverishness, the discourtesy of which is equaled only by its clumsiness."

Defense Condition Status 3

The above is the seemingly innocuous Pentagon label for the mysterious global alert of the night of October 24-25, 1973, when, unknown to the American people, all the armed forces of the United States were ordered to be in readiness for war, possibly nuclear war. All that was needed was for the President to push the button.

Next day, Secretary of State Kissinger, pressed by reporters and wishing to demonstrate a sense of responsibility, promised to make available the intelligence data which triggered the alert. His language was unequivocal:

> We do not think it wise at this moment to go into the details of the diplomatic exchanges that prompted this decision. Upon conclusion of the present diplomatic efforts, one way or the other, we will make the record available, and we will be able to go into greater detail. . . .
>
> As soon as there is a clear outcome we will give you the full information. And after that you will be able to judge whether the decisions were taken hastily or improperly.
>
> We will be prepared, however, and I am certain within a week, to put the facts before you.

But the Secretary reneged on his promise, and for some five months no one called him to account.

Two members of the House did not forget. On March 25 Rep. Michael J. Harrington (D., Mass.), speaking for himself and Rep. Fortney H. Stark (D., Calif.), introduced a resolution of inquiry, an exceptionally serious and seldom used legislative measure. It is, in effect, a demand by the House for information from the Executive, and it requires a response from the committee to which it is referred within seven days. In this instance the House Foreign Affairs Committee had from March 25 to April 4 for its action. The full committee met at 10 A.M. on April 3 to consider material which Dr. Kissinger had submitted in response to the resolution of inquiry.

The material was in the form of a letter from the Secretary to the chairman of the committee, summaries of pertinent data for members of the committee, and certain data, classified top secret, which went to the chairman and three other members of the committee. The committee was assured that "at the appropriate time" all the information would be made public. That time is not yet, however, and a commitment so limited may be worth even less than Dr. Kissinger's much stronger commitment of October 1973.

Nevertheless, Dr. Kissinger's material must have been clarifying, for the committee voted 26 to 2 not to report the resolution favorably, and it was defeated by voice vote when it reached the floor. However, the initial action was worthwhile. For one thing, it called attention to the promise which Kissinger had blandly ignored for five months. It stressed the importance of providing Congress, or key committees, with information so important as to prompt a global alert. It should also recall the fact that at his confirmation hearings Kissinger said he would be more open in his dealings as Secretary of State than he had been as a Presidential adivser. The Administration, the State Department and Kissinger personally were placed on notice that the House, or members charged with duties of oversight, would insist on knowing what reason there was to fear that the country was in such danger. In time, if Dr. Kissinger can be held to his promise, the public may learn what at least four members of the House now know —what did prompt Defense Condition Status 3.

The Addicted Army

March 29 was designated "Honor Vietnam Veterans Day" by the Congress and the President. Very good: morally, psychologically and economically, these men (except for the POWs whose welcome home served Mr. Nixon's political purposes) have got a dirty deal. Dedicating a day to them, however, is much like those recurring occasions honoring engineers or chicken farmers: more sound than substance. Senator Inouye says as much in the *Congressional Record* (March 28), when he calls attention to his Comprehensive Vietnam Era Veterans Educational Benefits Act, co-sponsored by Senators McGovern, Mathias and Dole. The true Honor Vietnam Veterans Day, Inouye points out, will be the day when the President signs this bill into law. It will bring Vietnam veterans' benefits to a level comparable to those received by veterans of earlier wars.

That is the least we owe these men, who had the misfortune to serve in the most incomprehensible and unpopular of American wars. But what about the veterans-to-be? Specifically, what about the men serving in Europe today, who will be veterans tomorrow? We support NATO with 317,000 uniformed Americans in sixteen countries. They are accompanied by between 225,000 and 250,000 dependents. The cost to the American taxpayers is about $7 billion annually for the troops alone; if U.S. troops earmarked for NATO in the event of war are included, the annual disbursement rises to $17 billion. Even if these were elite divisions, it is hard to see what purpose they could serve, since they are inferior in numbers, firepower and tactical air support to troops available in the Warsaw Pact countries alone. Of the 317,000 total, 220,000 are ground troops; of those, only 152,000 are assigned to the main fronts; and of the 152,000 only 64,000 are combat troops.

It is estimated by counselors in the Army drug program that well over half of the lower-ranking enlisted men are on hashish or marijuana. These drugs, while not as harmful as heroin or cocaine, are hardly to be recommended as aids to combat readiness, and Gen. Michael Davison, the U.S. Army commander in Europe, is understandably exercised about the situation. He views it, in NBC's words, as "the single greatest threat to the professionalism and discipline of the Army here."

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No doubt this accurately reflects the general's evaluation, which is passed on down the chain of command. There the remedy is converted into snap inspections of barracks, carried on often at 4 or 5 in the morning; surprise strip-down inspections, including body cavities, and mass urinalysis. The constitutionality of these searches is being contested and will probably go up to the Supreme Court. In a gentler vein, the Army tries to deal with the problem with what it calls "Community Drug and Alcohol Abuse Centers," which many of the G.I.s referred to them find useless.

The trouble with our forces in Europe is that most of the men, especially those in the infantry and its supporting cadres, lack any sense of mission. And in fact they are political pawns and have no mission. On top of feeling useless, they are in a foreign country, lonely and bored. So, many resort to drugs.

Some time the ordeal of these men will end. They too will be veterans. The condition in which U.S. soldiers find themselves—what we are doing to them—is an aspect of the case for troop reduction that has not received the attention it merits.

Forgotten Man

In an appeal to publishers, Amnesty International writes: "In over sixty countries, hidden away from the public, the press, family and friends, over half a million prisoners of conscience endure the terrible punishment of governments which fear their ideas." A typical case is that of Dr. Antonio Maidana, a Paraguayan professor of history and one of three political prisoners who have been held in jail by Alfredo Stroessner, the dictator-President, for fourteen years. These men were Communists who, in August 1958, organized a general strike and were arrested. Amnesty International is completely nonpartisan and regards even Communists as human beings.

Maidana is confined in a cell, 12-foot-square, windowless, damp and without ventilation. He and his cellmates, whose number fluctuates between seven and fifteen, sleep on the floor. His wife and a daughter, born shortly after his arrest, are allowed to see him once a week, speaking to him through the bars for at most five minutes, with a guard watching. They are not allowed to bring him reading matter or medicine. During all these years this victim of the Stroessner dictatorship has not left his cell —no exercise, no sunlight.

He was sentenced to two years and nine months. At the expiration of his term, a Supreme Court Justice ordered his release, but the government then invoked Law 294, "in defense of democracy," which gives the government the right to detain anyone indefinitely. The Stroessner regime keeps insisting that it holds no political prisoners and, as usual in such cases, the U.S. Embassy avows its ignorance of the facts.

Maidana has lost most of his hair and all his teeth. He is half blind; a living skeleton, afflicted with tuberculosis. On May 9, 1973, a son of Stroessner entered his cell, flourishing a pistol, and declared that Maidana would never leave the prison alive. In this, at least, the regime may be telling the truth—unless enough worldwide sentiment can be aroused to induce Stroessner to relent.

Amnesty International "adopted" Maidana's case in 1970. Adoption means that this responsible organization is satisfied that the person is indeed a political prisoner. What is incomprehensible is that issues of this sort are not taken up by the U.N. Human Rights Commission. Its power to act is negligible, but it does have the resource of publicity. To bear the name it does, and not even make itself heard when human rights are defiled, mocks its purpose and function.

For those who wish to know more about the work of Amnesty International, or about the Maidana case in particular, its Eastern office is at 200 West 72nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10023; in the West, P.O. Box 1182, Palo Alto, Calif. 94302.

Another Indian Land Grab

The 425-member Havasupai Tribe of the Grand Canyon is fighting in Congress to preserve its rights to 251,000 acres of land vital to the very lives and future of these Indians. Legislation to extend the boundaries of the Grand Canyon National Park (S.1296), as it now stands, threatens to destroy whatever hopes they have of making a life for themselves and their children. Last November, at the time of the hearings, the Havasupai were granted only ten minutes in which to present their side of the issue.

The Senate bill would extend the park's boundaries in a way that profoundly compromises the Tribe's rights, and the House Subcommittee on National Parks and Recreation has concurred. Striking out provisions sponsored by Sen. Barry Goldwater and Rep. Sam Steiger that would grant the Tribe title to a substantial portion of the land it claims, the Senate and the House subcommittee have chosen, instead, to "study" the matter.

Studies have been going on for more than sixty-five years, while the Havasupai have been appealing to Congress for justice. The Tribe, once the sole owners of the land, has been swept from atop the South Rim of the Canyon, which had been its ancestral home for 1,300 years, and confined to the bottom of Havasu Canyon, an unhealthy place except in summer.

After years of mismanagement, destruction of Indian homes and damage to the ecology of the region, the National Park Service plans to further devote the South Rim to mass tourism. The Havasupai Tribal Council asks that the Grand Canyon bill include: (*1*) return by the Park Service and Forest Service of Havasupai grazing allotments on the plateau as part of their reservation; (*2*) permanent establishment of the 160-acre Havasupai area at Grand Canyon Village as a separate piece of the reservation; (*3*) return to the Havasupai of 1866 railroad indemnity land grants; and (*4*) return of Havasu Campground to the reservation.

The lives and future of a group of the most native of Americans must not be sacrificed to the casual pleasures of occasional trippers. The enlarged Grand Canyon National Park will be a Congressional landmark. It should be one that embodies justice for these deprived Americans whose deep respect for the area's natural beauty can be a source of pride and delight to all—Americans and foreigners alike—who visit this spectacular area.

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STREET GIRLS OF THE '70s

CELESTE MacLEOD

Berkeley

Peggy will not sleep in a doorway tonight. She will stand on the street until some man decides to take her home for dinner and bed in exchange for sex. Peggy is 15 and has been living on the streets of Berkeley for more than a year. Her counterparts haunt certain sections of dozens of American cities. Is she a special problem of the sour 1970s? No, she is a variation on a very old one.

Girls like Peggy used to be called wayward—some people still use the term. Peggy hasn't had much in life, but she is rich in labels. Doctors may have labeled her a battered child, if they saw her at all as an infant. Her parents and others who raised her began by calling her nuisance, brat and slut, and ended by declaring her incorrigible, petitioning the courts to dispose of her. Newspapers called her a juvenile delinquent; some gentle souls called her a strayed lamb and prescribed Bible verses; while the labels that psychiatrists and social workers put on her could run for pages. Judges called her whatever they saw fit and sent her off to reform school. They had little choice, because few options exist for these girls whom nobody wants.

In the past we heard little about the Peggys in our society because they were locked away in state institutions. They could be kept there until they turned 21, even if they had done nothing that would be considered a crime if committed by an adult. They were imprisoned for their own protection, the law said, to keep them from the danger of leading "an idle, dissolute, lewd, or immoral life." The emergence of a street scene in this country has given some of these girls an alternative to spending their teens behind bars. It has also given people a chance to know these girls outside an institutional setting and to evolve new ways of helping them. Beth Barmack and Elaine Zimmerman, young women involved in community action, have been working with street girls of Berkeley for three years. In 1971, while students at the University of California, they volunteered to teach English at East Campus (the Berkeley continuation high school, a loosely structured, half-day program for students who can't function well in the regular setting).

They found that girls in their classes (many of them former street people who had been in and out of foster homes and juvenile halls) had a strong need to share their experiences and explore alternative means of survival. To fill this need, Zimmerman and Barmack started a Women's Program. They covered topics such as jobs for women, single mothers, rape, prostitution and sexism, using current articles and speakers to evoke group discussions. The strong response to their program led them to set up additional problem-solving sessions, where girls could discuss their lives and crises. They also talked with dozens of street girls on Telegraph Avenue, after their students had introduced them as "safe" (meaning that they wouldn't turn in runaways). [See MacLeod: "Street People: The New Migrants," *The Nation*, October 22, 1973.]

In a resulting paper by Elaine Zimmerman, "Berkeley's Juvenile Girls in Conflict," a vivid picture emerges. Girls on the street come from "alarmingly difficult family backgrounds," she found. From infancy on they have been tossed from parents to grandparents, friends, foster homes and juvenile halls. Only one in ten grew up with both biological parents. With little education and virtually no salable skill except sex, they "have low self-images, base their identities on possession of a man, do not trust women, have no respect or faith in authority, are lonely and bored, and have no one to confide in." But they are eager to be loved and cared for.

Wilma is still looking for love. She spent her first five years with family friends in Oklahoma, until her mother remarried and took back Wilma and her brother. Wilma never saw her real father. Her mother, herself a runaway, was determined that her daughter would not go astray. To that end, she beat her continually, using "whatever was handy, a bullwhip or a yardstick"; as punishment she burned her daughter's hand over the electric stove. When she was 9, Wilma's mother split her head open with a belt buckle and rushed her to the hospital, telling the doctors she had fallen out of a tree house. Then the mother's marriage broke up, Wilma was sent to friends, put into foster homes, reclaimed by her mother, who kept her one day and sent her back to friends. When Wilma was 12, her mother phoned: "Wilma, please come home. I love you. I need you." Wilma rushed back. A few months later her mother beat her senseless. During the next years she was in and out of reform schools, mental hospitals and the street. At 13 she escaped from a reformatory and went to New York's East Village. She lived with a succession of men and for a time came under the protection of the Hells Angels, but she often went hungry, was raped many times, and turned to drugs. Eventually she came out to California and settled down on the streets of Berkeley.

Many of Wilma's problems stem from her status. The runaway girl is a fugitive, forced to live like an escaped convict, even if her parents have thrown her out and she has been on her own for years. Legally she must be under the supervision of a parent, guardian, husband or the state until the day she turns 18. (Age laws may vary from state to state; boys are generally free at 16.) In a few states she can apply at 16 to become an emancipated minor, but as a runaway with a record, she has little chance of being granted that status. She cannot take a job to support herself. She cannot enroll in school and finish her education. She cannot take part in any activity where her identity may be recognized, or she will be thrown into jail. Most girls survive by the only means open to them—panhandling, subsistence prostitution and sometimes petty theft. Meanwhile, they search for "the" man, who they dream will give them all the love they never had.

Celeste MacLeod, a free-lance writer, lives in Berkeley, Calif.

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In practice the runaway laws have generated a strange irony. A man who gives a ride to a female runaway may be more likely to get into trouble if he tries to help her (he may be arrested for contributing to the delinquency of a minor) than if he rapes her and leaves her stranded on the highway. Police are unlikely to believe such a story from a distraught girl who has obviously "been around." Last year Mia, a 17-year-old girl who lived with her boy friend with parental consent, was kidnapped and raped by another man. When she reported it to the police, they arrested her as a runaway and shipped her off to Juvenile Hall, instead of going after the rapist. Wilma had a similar experience on the East Coast at 16, when she went back for a visit. Raped and dumped by a man who gave her a ride, she made her way to the nearest police station, where she was promptly arrested. The judge, seeing her past record, said he would sentence her to the state reformatory until she was 21, unless the social worker put her on a plane to California (and out of his state's way) within twenty-four hours. Miraculously, the social worker came up with the fare.

Not all girls who run away fit the "discard" category. During the Flower Children era of 1967, it became fashionable to run, and masses of middle-class children turned up on the streets, fresh from home. Runaway centers, such as Huckleberry House in San Francisco and Runaway House in Washington, D.C., gradually opened in many cities, to help both runaways and their parents. The need for more such facilities led to the proposed Runaway Youth Act, introduced in 1971 by Sen. Birch Bayh. (It passed the Senate in 1972 and 1973 and is now in committee in the House.) The bill allocates grants, through H.E.W., for small runaway centers to provide "temporary shelter and counseling services" for runaways. It keeps such centers ". . . whenever possible . . . outside the law-enforcement structure and juvenile justice system." At hearings held early in 1972 Brian Slatterly of Huckleberry House said that, judging from his conv.rsations with them, "Police patrolmen almost unanimou.ly think that runaways should not be a police problem, that having police arrest and detain them . . . doesn't help either the runaways, their families, or the police."

Several witnesses pointed out that the majority of runaways in America are girls. Girls are also arrested more often than boys for status offenses—runaway, truancy and the MINS, PINS and CINS statute (minors, persons and children in need of supervision). Girls are jailed for status offenses longer than boys (or girls) are jailed for felonies such as theft or assault. Such treatment is legal, because their incarceration is labeled prevention instead of punishment. Thus when a 17-year-old girl was sentenced to four years at the Connecticut State Farm for Women, because she was "in manifest danger of falling into habits of vice" (*Mattielo* v. *Conn.* 154 Conn. 737) the Supreme Court, in 1969, refused to review the case. Preventive detention, a practice we deplore in Communist and Fascist countries, is all right in our own, as long as it is applied only to children.

The landmark 1967 *Gault* decision, which gives children arrested for a crime the right to a lawyer, is not always extended to girls held on status offenses—because they have committed no crime. Appeal after conviction is rare, since the girls usually come from poor families, and there are no jailhouse lawyers or law books in juvenile institutions. Once girls are committed, the only way they can get out, it seems, is over the wall, and many girls who were sentenced to institutions after they ran away from home have managed to escape. No matter how difficult and depressing their life on the street, every girl interviewed prefers this homeless existence to incarceration in an institution. "At least you're free." Yet they are not happy with street life. As one girl put it, "I'd like a place to crash where you don't have to ball all the time." Passage of the Runaway Youth Act can give more such girls a place outside the feared juvenile justice system where they can go for help.

For Shirley, the support she received from the Women's Program at East Campus may have been the rock that anchored her. When she was a baby, her mother (who had run away from her own punitive father) worked as a prostitute to put her husband through college. Often she received her customers in the same room with Shirley. After graduating, the father left them, and Shirley's mother had a nervous breakdown. She was never the same, says Shirley. When she was 12, her mother urged her to have affairs "for experience." At 14, Shirley was kidnapped by two couples: she was beaten, raped, and had her hair shaved off. The police would not believe her story; they advised Shirley's mother to send her out of town for a while, which she did. When it was time to return, her mother would not send the bus fare. Shirley hitchhiked back and, finding herself unwelcome at home, went to the streets of nearby Berkeley. She slept in a school warehouse, panhandled, lived with a series of men, and had two abortions. During this same period she enrolled at East Campus (theoretically, she was under parental guidance and not a runaway); she was graduated from high school and joined the Women's Program. "It came at the right time for me," says Shirley, who today at 18 is in better shape than many girls emerging from "rehabilita-

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tive" institutions. She found a job in a bookstore, has developed a strong sense of self, and plans to enter college.

Shirley and Wilma are both white, but patterns similar to their lives occur in every racial background. Foster homes, the traditional placement for these girls, are rarely successful. The girls have been in and out of so many foster homes already that they have lost faith in the parental role, no matter who plays it. "It's too late for them to put on ribbons and be sweet little girls in a nuclear family," says Zimmerman. Teen-aged girls are also the hardest to place, she adds, because they spell sex and trouble to foster parents, just as they did to their own. Zimmerman and Barmack favor the new concept of small group homes in a community setting. They are in the process of setting up such a home in Berkeley.

Ten juvenile girls will live cooperatively in the group home, attending Berkeley's continuation high school. A staff member will be on hand around the clock, aided by part-time therapists. By exchanging experiences in group sessions and in everyday life, says Barmack, the girls will find that their problems are not unique and that they can learn from one another. No longer dependent on a male for survival as they were on the street, they can make friends with other girls, instead of viewing them as hated rivals. They will have a voice in shaping house policies, as well as being responsible for their share of the work. But it will be *their* house, says Barmack, a different situation from the authoritarian atmosphere they knew in homes and institutions.

Staff members at Sanctuary, a runaway center in Boston, share Barmack and Zimmerman's belief that large juvenile institutions are destructive. In *Nothing Left to Lose* Jeffrey Blum and Judith Smith tell how difficult it is to reach juveniles who come out of state institutions. These young people, they find, "do not come out unscathed. They adapt to survive: they become cynical, manipulative, amoral." Massachusetts closed all of its juvenile institutions in 1972. In the past three years New York City has closed three of its four secure juvenile facilities, diverting children into foster or group homes instead. The National Association of Sheriffs has condemned the practice of jailing juveniles. Nevertheless, incarceration remains the major way of dealing with troubled children in this country.

In *The Throwaway Children* Judge Lisa Aversa Richette of Philadelphia poignantly describes the tragedies that engulf children who are brought before the juvenile court, and the frustration of court personnel who have no effective way to help them under present laws and programs. "There are no houses—nice or otherwise—for children who are rejected by everyone and literally thrown away into the streets like litter," she wrote in 1969. "Not in Philadelphia, nor in any American city. Jails, detention centers, correctional institutions, yes. But a quiet loving home where a boy or girl can live, study, and be understood, that is quite another thing." Judge Richette believes that "due process of law—one of society's most profoundly civilized values—may mean more in the life of all children than all the rhetoric of the therapists." Some of the changes in juvenile law which she advocates in her writings are contained in federal legislation now pending.

In 1972, after many hearings, the Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency of the Senate Judiciary Committee developed the Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention Act. It was introduced by Senator Bayh, chairman of the subcommittee, and Sen. Marlow Cook of Kentucky. The bill would provide resources (both money and consultant help) for states and communities that set up new programs for juvenile offenders, emphasizing small community-based facilities such as group homes, half-way houses, foster care and shelter-care facilities. "There's a real need for federal leadership in this area," says John C. Rector, staff director and chief counsel of the subcommittee. In President Nixon's 25,000-word State of the Union message, Rector points out, "There was . . . not one word that would reflect a concern for young people in trouble."

The bill (now in committee) is preventive, Rector adds. It sets up a series of Youth Service Bureaus from which children with problems can be referred to appropriate agencies for help. The aim is to keep young people from ever becoming entangled in the juvenile justice system. Other features of the bill include increased constitutional rights for arrested juveniles, more effective sealings of juvenile records, the prohibiting of jailing juveniles with adults, and an office in H.E.W.

No changes in age limitations are included in the present bill. Wilma is angry that the court would not let her be on her own at 15 or 16, so she could have looked for work without being arrested. Bob Walker, an attorney at the Youth Law Center in San Francisco, says a minor status is an advantage for some, because it requires their parents or the state to support them. For girls like Wilma, who in fact have been on their own since 12 or 13, Walker thinks the law should offer a way for them to become emancipated long before 18.

Tom Jennings, another attorney at the Youth Law Center, says lawyers are making gradual headway in challenging statutes that allow juveniles to be jailed on virtually any pretext. In *Gonzales* v. *Maillard* (ND Calif. 1971) a three-judge panel ruled that the statute phrase "in danger of leading an immoral life" is "unconstitutionally vague." But statutes designating persons in need of supervision are still on the books in most states. A Puritan strain permeates our laws pertaining to juvenile girls. Their morals are considered more important than their rights or welfare. Girls, but not boys, are locked up for having sexual relations at an early age.

This same attitude extends into the home. Parents often regard their adolescent daughters as potentially dangerous sex machines, which must be strictly regulated to perform as directed. Girls have been declared incorrigible by their parents, and jailed for many years, for offenses such as having friends the parents don't like, staying out late one night, or talking back.

Group homes may not be the answer for all such girls, but they are a hopeful alternative to penal dumping grounds. Zimmerman and Barmack in Berkeley believe that the confidence and self-reliance which girls can develop in a group-home setting will keep them from becoming tomorrow's adult throwaways. As Judge Richette puts it: "We generally underestimate just how much young people can do for themselves, if adults will let them." □

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PROGRAM FOR A CRISIS

THE FRENCH LEFT CLOSES RANKS

GEORGE WEISZ

Paris

Until recently, France's economic future looked bright. Its 5.8 per cent annual growth rate since 1960 has been the highest in Europe and the third highest in the industrial world, behind Japan and the USSR. Certainly it has been accompanied by a high rate of inflation, but this hardly seemed alarming to economic analysts—at most, a price to be paid for industrial development. A 1973 report by the Hudson Institute predicted that by 1985 France and Sweden would be the richest nations in Europe. All this optimism has been challenged by recent world events.

The problem is deceptively simple. Oil imports will add more than $18 billion to the financial deficit, despite a 10 per cent curtailment of private fuel consumption. Limiting industrial consumption means economic slowdown and unemployment; continued large-scale consumption means even higher inflation. In fact, government indecision is leading to the worst of both worlds. For 1974, economists are predicting dramatic economic slowdown, with the growth rate down to 3 or 3.5 per cent and inflation skyrocketing at from 12 to 15 per cent. The public seems to share this view. In a poll conducted last December, 66 per cent of those interviewed believed that France was entering a period of economic crisis. A month later, the same poll found that 89 per cent held this opinion. In a February poll 52 per cent of the population expressed lack of confidence in the government's ability to handle the economic situation. Now there is to be a new government, and whoever succeeds M. Pompidou will have to move resolutely to convince the public that the country's welfare is in competent hands.

The crisis is as much a question of public relations as of international economics, with the government managing to convey an image of impotence, paralysis, factionalism and lack of vision. At every crucial conjuncture, it waited too long, and made only the most modest efforts in pursuit of the most short-range remedies. This partly reflected the personal weakness of France's President, but it also reflected the profound divisions within the ruling majority—liberals vs. conservatives, Europeanists vs. nationalists and economic interventionists vs. free-marketeers—which will now be intensified by the run for the Presidency.

Inflation has already passed 4 per cent since the first of the year, and is being felt in every sector of the economy. Short-term layoffs are becoming standard in the automobile industry, and everyone is wondering what will happen at the end of the school year when hundreds of thousands of young people are let loose on the shrinking job market. The French working classes are no more willing than their British counterparts to pay the costs of the crisis. Labor unrest is slowly but surely becoming more serious, especially in the public service sector. Employees of the nationalized banks are striking, and were joined briefly on March 21 by gas and electricity workers. Even the police were highly visible in the massive demonstrations against high prices that took place that day. Railroad workers are on the verge of action, and strikes in the private sector have closed down Ford, Rateau, Grundig and numerous textile factories in the north. To make matters worse, a new education law has brought high school students back into the streets. So far their numbers have been relatively small, since the law does not take effect until 1978, but the press has been openly wondering if conditions are being created for a repetition of the labor-student street alliance that led to May 1968.

At a time when the ruling majority seems divided and faction-ridden, the Left seems to retain a good measure of unity. The electoral alliance of 1972 among Communists, Socialists and Left radicals has been maintained, despite the tensions caused by the Solzhenitsyn affair, when the PCF alienated many on the non-Communist Left by interpreting all support for the writer and all attempts to discuss Stalinism as anti-Soviet and anti-Communist. On the labor front, the two major federations, the CGT and the CFDT, continue to work together in practice, while disputing loudly over syndicalist tactics.

And yet, while labor action is rapidly spreading and polls indicate massive dissatisfaction with the government, the Left has been behaving with a curious restraint and caution on the political front. This partly represents an effort to project an image of responsibility and moderation, as befits the leadership of a future government. But more is involved than that. Behind the air of quiet confidence that the Left is cultivating lies uncertainty and anxiety about the response of the ruling class to the threat of a unified and powerful Left. Equally important, traditional Marxist and reformist programs are being called into question in the wake of the economic crisis that threatens the Western world.

The flood of public opinion polls that have been released since November suggest that there is a good deal of mistrust among the middle classes for a Left that includes the Communist Party. Still, the real danger is seen as coming from another direction; it is summed up in a report by the CFDT as follows: "In this situation of crisis, three types of evolution appear possible in short or middle terms—a modernist, replastering, spreading fascism, the leftist alternative." Since no one on the Left believes that liberal modernism can succeed in France, fascism is seen as the only real alternative. Even the liberal *Express* has been voicing fears about the drift toward authoritarianism. The rhetoric of public order favored by the government, the widespread use of wiretapping and censorship and, most important, the consistent reliance on huge numbers of armed police to main-

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tain order indicate that civil rights and individual freedom are not major concerns of the Gaullists. All that is really necessary for a hardening of the regime is to convince the middle classes, already terrified by the specter of depression, either that the militancy of the Left is responsible for their plight or that public order is a prerequisite to salvaging the economy. Hence, the Left is stepping gingerly.

More terrifying than a hardening of the present regime is the prospect of a military *Putsch* on the model of the Chilean counterrevolution. Unless one is actually living here, it is difficult to imagine the effects events in Chile have been having on the Left. Everyone, including François Mitterrand—the candidate of the united Left in the coming election—is writing articles or books on the lessons to be learned from the experience. The depth of feeling has been so great that one of the few times the PCF has compromised its image of respectability has been to support the occupation of the Chilean Embassy by a group of young leftists.

It may be an overreaction to assume that the counterrevolutionary tendencies of the Chilean generals is shared by the French military elite. But it is not exactly reassuring that General Beavaller, former Secretary General of the armed forces, recently advocated in an article for an armed forces journal a wider participation of the military in matters concerning "general security with regard to the different menaces which weigh on a nation."

It is equally disturbing that during the past two years the minister of the army has transformed the military police into an espionage network which rivals that of civilian Renseignements Généraux. The situation is common knowledge only because the civilian intelligence officials resent the competition and have been complaining publicly. It is widely feared that the army is collecting precise information on leftist groups in order to be able to step in, replacing the police, in the event of a leftist electoral victory.

If that were not enough, *Liberation* last month published leaked documents that described plans drawn up in May 1968 by the Marseilles security police to detain leading local leftists in a soccer stadium in the event of a serious threat to the regime. Parallels with Chile have been difficult to avoid.

Since 1972, three parties, the PCF, P.S. and Radicals de Gauches, have been united for electoral purposes under the banner of the *Programme Commun*. The document, inspired by several years of Communist initiative, deliberately ignores the most sensitive areas of disagreement among the partners: attitudes toward a united Europe, national defense and the Soviet Union. These omissions will in time come back to haunt the alliance, but for the moment they have permitted the formulation of a comprehensive and well-defined domestic policy that, until recently, seemed a promising rallying point for the entire French electoral Left.

The *Programme* seeks to organize "a union of all the social groups that are the victims of large-scale capital and its politics." Claiming that capitalist society is in the midst of a crisis it cannot resolve, the document advocates a reorganization of power directed toward decentralizing and democratizing the political process, and a broad program of social welfare. These structural reforms are to be paid by (*a*) nationalizing the banking and financial sectors; (*b*) completely nationalizing key industries such as pharmaceuticals, armaments and space and aeronautics, and selectively nationalizing important parts of others (the electro-chemical industries for example); (*c*) closely regulating the rest of the economy. These measures will permit funds to be channeled away from certain sectors, like defense, and toward social welfare. At the same time, the structural rationalization of industry will increase productivity and prevent the squandering of resources, thus further increasing the funds available for social welfare.

The unanimous response of the leadership of the alliance to the energy crisis has been to argue that it is an inevitable outgrowth of the contradictions within capitalism, and could have been largely avoided had the *Programme Commun* been in effect. Almost to a man, the Socialist, Communist and labor leadership has affirmed, in speech after speech, that the *Programme Commun* is the only way to resolve the economic crisis. It would establish the machinery necessary to regulate and rationalize the economy, and would direct it toward fulfilling national needs, rather than those of individual profit. Equally important, it would stimulate growth by increasing internal consumption. Here spokesmen for the alliance have managed to combine a defense for the immediate economic interests of their constituents in the face of the government's austerity strategy with the traditional economic orthodoxy that internal consumption is the dynamic force behind economic expansion. In the words of Georges Seguy, leader of the Communist-controlled CGT, "the priority of priorities remains the defense of purchasing power and of employment," and, "the solution [to the economic crisis] does not lie in austerity but in the expansion of the internal market."

Recently, however, in response to increasing complaints from the rank and file that the *Programme Commun* is too vague and does not address itself sufficiently to the immediate issues of the crisis, and to polls indicating deep mistrust for the Left's economic policies, the party leadership has moved to adapt the *Programme* to the new political-economic conjuncture. Several commissions appointed for this purpose have already begun their deliberations, and very quickly a rift has begun to grow between the two major parties of the coalition. The Communist leaders appear to be closely attached to the actual formulations of the *Programme*. It represents years of campaigning on their part, as well as two years of complex and difficult negotiations. The Communists, therefore, are understandably opposed to substantive changes, which might threaten the consensus that has been established and weaken certain formulations they have fought hard to impose. They envisage only minor, technical changes in the *Programme*.

The Socialists, on the other hand, seem less tied to the precise formulation of the *Programme* and more concerned to establish an image of flexibility and competence. They are willing to make more serious revisions in response to the crisis; finding new ways to finance social measures, reconsidering the list of industries to be nation-

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alized and dealing with immediate problems caused by the crisis, especially those of energy supplies and prices.

And yet this disagreement remains minimal when compared with the community of opinion that unites the parties. Both groups agree, first, that the French crisis results from the structural contradictions of world capitalism and that its worst effects stem from the weakness and blindness of the French Government. Second, they deny that any *fundamental* shortage of energy prevents the continued expansion of the French economy. Third, they agree that the expansion can be achieved by a program of nationalization and economic regulation, aimed at satisfying communal needs such as transport, housing, energy and social welfare, and by a redistribution of wealth aimed at increasing internal consumption.

Not everyone, however, is satisfied with this analysis. Scattered but influential voices have begun to emerge from around former Premier Pierre Mendès-France, from the independent weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur*, from the PSU and, more important, even from the higher ranks of the P.S., that question the viability of this sort of analysis. For these critics, the fundamental starting point must be to acknowledge that there really is a world energy shortage. Even if the immediate shortage is the product of artificial manipulation, the limited quantity of many primary materials in relation to expanding industrial needs and the small chance that new sources of energy will be harnessed in the near and middle future means that fuel prices will stay at their present high levels. Even if the French Government succeeds in curtailing private consumption of oil, buying the remainder will add more than 18 billion francs to the financial deficit. Exports will not make up the difference, they argue, because in a period of generalized recession there are few available markets, and to reach them France must compete with other European nations which face the same problems. Moreover, France is in an especially weak position because three of its major export industries, automobile, chemical and textile, are directly dependent on petroleum. (One simply cannot finance an economy by selling armaments.) One alternative is to become completely dependent on the United States for financing and for energy, in the process becoming a virtual political and economic colony. But since economic exchanges between colonizer and colonized are intrinsically unequal, such a situation will only hasten the deterioration of the French economy.

If the present government's policies are doomed to failure, they argue, the analysis of the *Programme Commun* is no less unrealistic. No amount of talk about internal consumption will change the fact that France cannot pay for expanding energy needs. There is but one realistic alternative—economic slowdown and austerity—and the real decision involves the system within which they are to take place. If slowdown and austerity occur under capitalism, inequalities of the system and demands for profit will insure that suffering falls most heavily on those least able to protect themselves, the working and middle classes. Under such conditions, capitalism can maintain itself in power only by increasingly relying on brute force. On the other hand, a socialism which invests its resources in common needs rather than individual

Joke, De Nieuwe Gazet (Antwerp)

consumption, which insures more equitable distribution of resources and which keeps a tight reign on employment, prices and wages to mitigate the worst effects of recession, could conceivably create the national consensus necessary to pull the country through the next twenty or thirty difficult years. That is why, the critics argue, it is absolutely necessary that the leftist alliance convince the nation that it is prepared to confront realistically the uncertain future.

As the commissions seeking to adapt the *Programme Commun* to circumstances begin their deliberations, there seems little likelihood that a major shift will take place in the orientation of the Union de Gauche. First, despite the intelligence of the critics' arguments, it is too early to be sure that their relentless pessimism about the French economy is completely justified. Given legitimate uncertainties in this respect, it is highly improbable that the Left will abandon assumptions so deeply rooted in the traditions of Marxist socialism. Second, despite a vague unease on the part of the rank and file, which is forcing the leadership to re-evaluate the *Programme*, there is little coherent pressure for a major reorientation. Thus far, the austerity analysis has come from scattered and largely marginal elements within the electoral Left. Third, and most important, such a shift

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poses the very real threat of disrupting the carefully worked out strategy for electoral victory by exposing the contradictions inherent within it.

On the immediate and purely political level, to admit that the energy crisis has causes beyond the inherent irrationality of the capitalist system risks legitimizing the emerging Gaullist strategy of domestic austerity. The Left, therefore, sees little to gain from revising its argument that there is nothing about the crisis that could not be overcome by a change of government and a consequent restructuring of the economy.

On a deeper level, the Left has been forced into a corner by the very nature of its reformist strategy. Trying to create an alliance of all the groups oppressed by monopoly capitalism, it has been forced to satisfy a wide range of differing interests. In addition to promising material benefits, it promises that everyone will enjoy a qualitatively better life. In addition to decisive and rational state control, it offers widespread localization and democratization of political power, and promises that employees will participate in the management of economic enterprises. It proposes to nationalize certain industries, but assures wage earners that nationalization will affect only about 2.5 million out of 15 million salaried employees. It promises small business that a large private sector will continue to exist, and that not even nationalization of banks and financial institutions will affect the savings of individuals or the capital of small enterprises. On occasion, this strategy has necessitated rather strange contradictions, which have prompted some to question the wisdom of a policy seeking to associate such diverse and disparate interests. Still, there seems little alternative if one is committed to bringing socialism about by democratic means.

Such a policy, however, contains certain inherent constraints and weakness. First of all, it imposes an extremely ambivalent attitude toward instances of economic crisis. A crisis is necessary to mobilize diverse and even competing groups against capitalist institutions. And yet the sense of crisis must be kept within bounds, lest it create anxiety rather than dissatisfaction and risk polarizing social groups. Panic breeds extremist positions in defense of narrow and immediate interests. Under such conditions a policy of reformist reconciliation is virtually impossible. Only this strategic necessity can fully explain the Left's refusal to abandon the rhetoric of optimism and of moderation for pessimism and militancy.

Second, the strategy ultimately rests on the persuasiveness of the offer to provide a good life for *all*. It depends on a willingness to believe that there is enough for everyone, if only it is distributed properly, and that those who have managed to accumulate some of the benefits of the consumer society will be able to retain them. The offer ultimately assumes that only the very rich and powerful have anything to lose under a Socialist system of government. The problem is not simply that in proclaiming a policy of redistribution within an economy of austerity and limited growth, one risks alienating the progressive middle classes. The working class and all the disadvantaged have been infected by the American consumer dream. Thus, long before the present debate took shape, George Marchais in his introduction to the *Programme Commun* was denouncing all forms of "Malthusiasmism" which denied the possibilities of progress and the "accumulation of social wealth."

This raises one final point. An important current behind the pessimistic analysis reflects not only economic necessities but a long-standing objection—on the part of environmentalists and of libertarian and romantic foes of centralization, bureaucracy and the blind pursuit of industrial civilization—to the historical course of the Socialist movement. These various groups declare that socialism is duplicating all the worst features of monopoly capitalism. For them, the energy crisis is less a tragedy of incalculable dimensions than a godsent opportunity to reverse a dangerous process of evolution. It requires that, once and for all, socialism present a qualitatively different social vision to the Western world. Michel Bosquet of *Le Nouvel Observateur*, for instance, suggests an image of the "frugal" society made necessary by an increased poverty of resources, but which is also designed to free man from a nightmare world of endless industrial growth and consumption. Basing his thesis on the ideas of Ivan Illich and the Dutch Socialist, Sicco Mansholt, he offers the vision of a society in which the limitations of natural resources are respected, in which overproduction and planned obsolescence are replaced by the production of fewer and more lasting items, satisfying the real needs of all.

Gilles Martinet, of the P.S., replies that such dreams can be popular only among intellectuals who have achieved a degree of comfort that allows them to scorn consumer society. For the masses, the desire for "gadgets" is real and legitimate, since in the vast majority of cases they make life considerably easier. Nevertheless, he admits, there are natural limits to consumption, and to promise everyone the American dream is fundamentally dishonest. All that socialism can offer is a democratic control over the processes that decide what needs will be met by production. For the immediate future, the most that can be done is to revise the economic aspects of the *Programme Commun*, while stressing its "qualitative" aspects. But one should, he insists, be fully aware of the dangers implicit in a program of economic slowdown and austerity.

In the end, the French Left is faced with an almost impossibly difficult decision. If, as is probable, it maintains only slightly altered, an optimistic forecast and program, it risks losing all credibility. Even more alarming, should the Left come to power and be proved wrong, it will be forced to take highly unpopular measures, for which it and the public are unprepared. Massive dissatisfaction will then either bring in a Chilean-style counter-revolution, or oblige the Left to maintain itself by force. If, on the other hand, the Left offers the nation a different vision—one that appeals to intellectuals because it stresses equality, participation in decision making and a better quality of life—it risks losing the support of a public whose primary desire is to attain economic security at a level of material comfort. Whatever the outcome, it cannot fail to have international repercussions because similar decisions will have to be made throughout Europe. □

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SENDING CONGRESS A MESSAGE

Impeachment at the Grass Roots

FINLAY LEWIS

Washington

A cadre of anti-war activists has taken over the 2nd floor of a crumbling row house on 14th Street in Washington to plan a full-blown national campaign to impeach Nixon. A few blocks west, on Connecticut Avenue, Rabbi Baruch Korff sits in a musty suite of offices above a beauty salon and supervises a grass-roots movement to defend the Presidency. And, in the tasteful headquarter suites of the AFL-CIO and Pepsi-Cola, men of power and status cautiously commit themselves to opposite sides of the impeachment struggle.

Ad hoc groups—for and against impeachment—spring up and flourish. The issue also invigorates more traditional, well established organizations, like the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) and Americans for Democratic Action (ADA)—both of which want Nixon to stand trial before the Senate.

In short, the effort to impeach Nixon has mobilized the energies and loyalties of hundreds of thousands of citizens who evidently feel that they have a stake in the issue. Throughout the land, they are signing petitions, manning telephones, canvassing neighborhoods, writing letters, meeting with their elected Representatives and, in the case of one group, planning mass demonstrations. The purpose of all this energy is to send Congress a message in the belief that it will respond. Thus, for the moment at least, impeachment strategies seem to rest on a basic faith in the vitality of the country's democratic institutions.

In this sense, the response to impeachment is in marked contrast to the days of rage that characterized the public controversies of the 1960s. Interviews with a broad range of spokesmen for pro- and anti-impeachment groups have turned up no evidence of plans for the kind of civil disobedience that polarized the country a few years ago. At the moment, the fate of Nixon's Presidency lies with those who are determined to make the system work, either by purging it or by vindicating a man accused of high crimes and misdemeanors. Indeed, the demeanor of both the friends and enemies of the President demonstrates the fatuousness of those who warned—on the basis of no evidence—that an attempt at impeachment would tear the country apart.

Just the opposite may be true. Raoul Berger, author of a definitive book on impeachment and a Harvard law professor, urged in a recent interview with the *Minneapolis Tribune* that failure to impeach Nixon could engender a corrosive cynicism about the relevancy of the Constitution. In addition, the outcome of impeachment, he said, will doubtless be interpreted by future Presidents as defining the outer limits of their power, telling them how far they can go without being called to account for abusing their trust. That theme is now being voiced by House Speaker Carl Albert, hardly an impetuous radical. In an interview on March 25 with the National Public Affairs Center for Television, Albert said, "I think impeaching the President without sufficient grounds would tear the country apart. But I think the failure to impeach, if the grounds are sufficient, would also do damage to the country."

One result of an aborted impeachment movement could well be the resurgence of radical political action. Ted Glick, coordinator of the National Campaign to Impeach Nixon, said in an interview, "If the House doesn't vote impeachment, I can't say what will happen. I don't know what the response of the people will be. I just don't know."

But Glick is quick to add that the National Campaign is committed to rather conventional political tactics, involving petitions, sessions with House members and town meetings. And yet it clearly represents the left wing of impeachment politics. The organization's "backbone" is the remnants of the anti-war movement, said Glick, 24, himself a veteran of the Harrisburg 8 trial. It also speaks for such groups as the People's Bicentennial Commission, the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee and the People's Party. Like most of the pressure groups now arrayed around the impeachment issue, the National Campaign is by design decentralized, with the emphasis on local organization. But Glick and colleagues also hope to pull all the pieces together into two big demonstrations on April 27 in Washington and Los Angeles.

The heritage from the anti-war movement is not the only characteristic that distinguishes the National Campaign from other pro-impeachment groups. The AFL-CIO sees impeachment as one of a number of legislative issues and the ACLU talks about it in terms of Nixon's abuse of power and perversion of the Bill of Rights. But the National Campaign approaches impeachment as a cause that potentially could stitch together a mass constituency dedicated to social change. Corporate capitalism has emerged as the alternate enemy and the National Campaign links impeachment to the broader issue by adopting such slogans as "Impeach Nixon and Big Oil Too."

It has been a healthy experience. Says Glick, "The Left no longer sees itself as an isolated minority. We can now identify with the growing hostility to corporate capitalism manifested by the truckers' strike. We feel ourselves growing closer to ordinary people." Glick himself served nearly a year in federal prison for burglarizing a Selective Service office in Rochester, N.Y., and destroying records there. "I don't regret what I did," he says, "but I've grown politically since then. The value of law breaking depends on the extent to which it moves other people to action and I have no plans for that kind of thing now." Because Glick and others can see that Congress is responding to a multitude of pressures for impeachment—

Finlay Lewis, a Washington correspondent of the Minneapolis Tribune, *has been covering Watergate and the impeachment inquiry.*

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I KNOW WHAT I MEANT TO SAY, I SAID WHAT I KNEW TO DO, I DID WHAT I SAID I MEANT, I MEANT WHAT I KNOW I SAID, AND I KNEW NOTHING!
VON HEDEMANN

as it did not respond to the pressures of the war years—they no longer feel that the political system is inert. "There's a lot less rhetorical overkill and a lot more maturity," Glick says.

In almost every case, impeachment groups, whether supporting or attacking Nixon, have made a conscious strategy decision to forgo the traditional vote-influencing techniques of high-pressure lobbying on Capitol Hill. Al Zack, press director of the AFL-CIO, thinks it would be "counter-productive" to send organized labor's political operatives "swarming over the Hill and twisting arms," as if impeachment were an ordinary piece of bread-and-butter legislation. To do so would be to risk alienating a sizable bloc of House members who are genuinely undecided and who would resent a lobbyist's hard sell.

Expressions of sentiment by a Congressman's constituents are another thing. No politician will ignore 10,000 letters from home telling him how to vote on impeachment, and that's the reason for the proliferation of local impeachment action groups, some with ties to national organizations and some operating independently. The ACLU, for example, started its impeachment campaign by soliciting funds and local volunteers through advertisements in about 120 newspapers. In the ensuing weeks, according to Arlie Schardt, associate director of the ACLU's national office in Washington, the organization founded "really good" impeachment committees in about 100 Congressional districts. One of the ACLU's best efforts was in the state of Washington, where someone from the organization's speaker's bureau spoke publicly about impeachment some place in the state every night of the week for two months last winter. And, in one Congressional district, ACLU volunteers knocked on every door, in the kind of canvass normally saved for an all-out political campaign.

Overall, the ACLU's plan is to involve House members—particularly those on the Judiciary Committee—in a constant impeachment dialogue with their constituents. The tactic may be paying off. For example, the ACLU claims that the activities of local committees helped move two New York Democrats—Edward Koch and John Murphy—into the impeachment camp after each had initially expressed opposition. Asked about a key New York Republican in the House, Norman Siegel, that state's ACLU field director, said, "My feeling is he's inclined towards impeachment, but he needs a lot of noise in his district to provide the justification. We'll be happy to provide it."

Walking the other side of the street, but using similar strategies, are Nixon defenders. Some are friends of long standing, like Donald Kendall of Pepsi-Cola, the founding angel and main figurehead of Americans for the Presidency. Others are recent converts, like Rabbi Korff who describes himself as a liberal and says he voted against Nixon in every national election until 1972. When Watergate engulfed the Administration, Korff began searching for a motive that would tie Nixon into the mushrooming scandals. Finding none, he concluded Nixon was being framed. "I'm satisfied Richard Nixon is benignly motivated in his pursuits. I concluded, number one, if it was money he was after, he could have made hundreds of millions in a more discreet way, no question about it. Any elementary study of the Presidency will support that."

Korff then founded the National Citizens Committee for Fairness to the Presidency in his own living room last July. The group now claims 216 local chapters and more than 250,000 members. "We are thoroughly middle class, hard-working, unregimented, undisciplined. We don't know how to march and we're not militant," Korff told the *Minneapolis Tribune*. "What they lay out as grounds for impeachment are matters that have been committed by most of the President's predecessors. The Bay of Pigs was a far larger tragedy, precipitating far greater consequences than the Watergate break-in, which was stupid and puerile. But did the press or the Congress investigate the Bay of Pigs? The answer is no. It's this double standard that bothers me."

Korff's committee has placed nine advertisements in about 200 newspapers. Running in a series entitled "An Appeal for Fairness," the ads bore such melodramatic headings as "The Rape of America," "The Assassins" and "Anatomy of a Smear." As another ploy, the committee has collected 1,200,000 signatures on petitions, with copies mailed to the White House and the Congressmen in whose district they were circulated. Recently, a million more petitions went into the mail to local workers, each with spaces for fifteen signatures.

Local committee members have also filed with the Federal Communications Commission more than 300 complaints against radio and television stations, alleging that their impeachment coverage has violated the Fairness Doctrine. Then, in a gratuitous gesture to help the offending stations correct the deficiency, the committee has prepared for their use taped messages by the wives of Nixon Cabinet officers. But while he is telling interviewers all this, Korff also lets it be known that "I'm not in the busi-

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ness of defending the President." His committee, and its concern with "the preservation of the Presidency as a co-ordinate branch of government," would have evolved had the issue been the impeachment of President Hubert Humphrey, Korff contends.

If Korff claims to speak for the man in the street, Kendall's group represents the power elite. Here are some of the names that stud the roster of Americans for the Presidency: Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower, Alf Landon, Gen. Lucius Clay, Bob Hope, Frank Fitzsimmons, George Romney, Max Fisher, David Packard and Eugene Rostow.

So far, Americans for the Presidency has limited its activities to placing full-page ads in more than 100 newspapers. The text remains the same except for the names of the Congressmen who represent the readers of a particular newspaper. Otherwise, the ad announces itself as "A warning about weakening America in the midst of a great crisis." At one point, the text says, "Let us not surrender our birthright to hysteria." It then goes on to say this: "Let us please, for the love of our country, let the President up for air. Untie his hands. And let him get on with the vital business of insuring our strong leadership in a world that's fraught with peril."

Lee Choate, a retired Air Force officer, oversees the Washington operations of Americans for the Presidency as its secretary-treasurer. The group came into being, he said, to "counteract the people who are screaming for impeachment without due process." He added: "This group will support the President so long as there is a rational and legal basis for doing it. Our basic premise is that he's innocent until proven guilty. We're looking for a fair shake and due process, and, until he's had all that, we'll stick with him." Mr. Choate seemed unaware that he was describing the process of impeachment.

Donald Kendall and his allies are not the only ones concerned with due process. The NAACP, for example, holds fast to principle, while showing where the evidence leads it. In a statement adopted by its board last winter, the NAACP describes its struggle for "fair play and equal rights" and notes that its battles have consistently been fought "with the legitimate tools of a democratic society." The statement goes on to declare, "The NAACP . . . presumes that the President is innocent" of high crimes and misdemeanors. Then, two sentences later, it asserts, "There is probable cause to believe that the President of the United States has been part of a massive cover-up to obstruct justice and has knowingly tolerated and participated in the abuse of executive power in violation of his sworn duty to faithfully execute the laws of the land."

Estimates vary on the number of House members who are still undecided about impeachment. But when Charles Mee, editor of *Horizon*, began working for impeachment by founding the National Committee on the Presidency, he decided to make it his business to identify and work on the swing vote. That strategy has led his committee to focus on sixty Congressional districts with the intent of building an impeachment constituency in each that cannot be ignored by an incumbent bent on re-election. In addition to stimulating the voters to write letters, Mee is soliciting them for funds to finance his committee's future operations. This serves two ends: a successful fund-raising effort in a particular district will be a significant signal to the politicians that the activists at home are lining up in favor of impeachment.

But the real organizational muscle and savvy belong to organized labor—the AFL-CIO and the United Auto Workers (UAW). The AFL-CIO has distributed nearly 5 million copies of its nineteen-point bill of particulars against Mr. Nixon. In addition, about 500,000 reprints have been made of its nine follow-up expositions on specific points contained in the bill of particulars. About 175 state and local labor newspapers carried the full bill, plus some or all of the subsequent installations. That has been the extent of the official involvement of the national AFL-CIO, but when local workers for ADA or the ACLU go to work forming impeachment committees in different communities they often find the AFL-CIO or UAW operatives have been there before them.

The UAW's position on impeachment was set out by its chief, Leonard Woodcock, but the board has ratified no formal plan of action. Apparently such a directive is thought unnecessary. Jack Beidler, the UAW's legislative director, said, "Our guys are trained to take on this kind of problem on their own. When they get upset about something, they don't need to be told what to do." □

COMMUNITY ACTION PRESS

SMALL VOICES OF DIVERSITY

EMILY WESTON FRANKOVICH

Lexington, Mass.

Nowadays, almost anyone can start a newspaper. All it takes is a typewriter, some volunteers and $200 or $300 to pay the printer. The trick is to keep on finding the dollars and volunteers to stay in business. In recent years the national trend has been toward larger and larger establishment papers with more concentrated control of all media. However, with offset printers willing to make small press runs (5,000) for between $250 to $350 an issue, it becomes increasingly easy to launch a small paper. This low cost of entry into a risky field means many starts and many failures—just how many is difficult to say, since a number of them don't incorporate and

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others start as newsletters for existing agencies. In its heyday, the Office of Economic Opportunity was indirectly responsible for the inception of new papers from Massachusetts to California. Some of these have found their own economic base; others withered and died as the ax fell on the parent enterprise.

One that has hung on is the *East Boston* (Mass.) *Community News,* voice of the voiceless in a largely working-class Italian-American community of 40,000. East Boston is bounded on three sides by public authorities: Massport, which runs Logan International Airport and the harbor, and the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority which runs the tunnels under the harbor, East Boston's link with downtown. Highways between the tunnel and the airport look over East Boston back yards, giving travelers a view of exhaust-blackened, three-decker tenements as they leave town for their gleaming airliners.

The *Community News,* with a paid staff of three, champions East Boston's cause against Massport and vigilantly points out which federal budget cuts affect which community agencies. Tilting with Massport and state and federal bureaucracies comes naturally to the young college-educated liberals who edit this biweekly, but more controversial issues like bussing are handled by giving space to community leaders who disagree with the editorial stand of the paper.

None of the three paid staffers is an Italian-American and none is a long-term resident of the community, yet they manage to keep the community's ear. They use indigenous correspondents and they are sensitive to the community's needs and concerns, even when they are not in total agreement as to the solution. They also keep the community's sympathy because, however well educated, none of them is living in affluence. Two out of three work at second jobs to survive.

On alternate Monday evenings, the editors, the volunteers and anyone else who wants to come, meet for an editorial session in the offices in a creaking 4-story building on Meridian Street. Sometimes they talk and argue until almost dawn because everyone present must agree to whatever editorial stand is taken and whatever events are to be covered. Then college students from various institutions around Boston, and volunteers from the East Boston neighborhoods, prepare the columns, while the staff hustles ads, writes stories, types everything on long sheets and pastes it up for the printer's camera. The paper then goes to newsstands and variety stores where about 3,000 people pick it up for a dime. Several hundred more are mailed to subscribers.

In spite of its rather Spartan way of life, the *Community News* boasts one luxury, an IBM composer—a remarkably versatile electric typewriter which not only offers a wide variety of type faces and sizes but also can justify type (even margins left and right). The *Community News* does not in fact use the machine's ability to justify, but it pays for its dream machine by renting it out to four other publications.

The *Community News* got its start three years ago with funds and headquarters provided by the Community Development Corp., a federal agency of the OEO. Luckily for the paper, it had to move out of the CDC office and learn how to support itself after only two issues. Not so lucky were many other OEO-sponsored papers which are now desperately short of funds. Also in this category is Community Press Service, sponsored by Urban Planning Aid, a private agency in Cambridge, that until recently was largely supported by OEO funds. CPS provides news copy to 260 small papers, about two-thirds of them in Massachusetts.

One casualty of the federal drought is *The Grapevine,* a journalistic jewel you used to be able to pick up in small stores along the shores of Cape Cod. This told news of year-round Cape residents, attracted by low off-season rents, who have no place to live during July and August; it revealed a Cape Cod the tourist brochures never mention. A query to this publication elicited the following: "Our newsletter has been closed by the Regional OEO. They claim we violated regulations. We claim they acted out of political interests geared to the new anti-poor-people stance in Washington. . . ."

Whether or not *The Grapevine* editor correctly identified the cause, poor people's papers germinated by OEO agencies are dying all across the country. From the *Central City Worker* in Salt Lake City comes an impressive prospectus seeking community support for a free monthly paper to express the needs of the city's poor. This paper, which began with a grant of $1,000 from an OEO community action program, has survived so far by selling small amounts of advertising space and holding fund-raising events. Now it feels it must appeal to local philanthropists if it is to continue.

Several of the nonprofit papers were prohibited by their charters from accepting advertising; others were restrained by their own ideologies. "No commercial ads allowed or wanted," says the gallant editor of the *Northampton* (Mass.) *County Voice,* even as the OEO agency that supports it is going out of business.

It would be a mistake, however, to credit the most recent crop of little papers entirely to the OEO. Since the late 1950s, the offset press has brought new freedom to would-be publishers. One of the early products of the inexpensive technology was that outburst of youthful energy, colored inks, four-letter words and radical polemic that people call the "underground press." Color comes easily in offset and the method lends itself to drawings—every shape can be picked up by a camera. Handscript, fanciful as you please, can substitute for ordinary headlines and the young people found that they liked their columns ragged on the right-hand side. They just made the columns wider and, when whimsy dictated, they could fit long squiggly drawings into the gaps between the not-so-solid blocks of print.

The Great Speckled Bird, the *Old Mole, East Village Other,* some of the earlier underground papers and their successors, now too numerous to mention, have built their editorial coverage around the youth culture: drugs, rock music and later radical politics. These papers have a solid financial base: advertising for pop and rock records and the machinery to play them. Papers founded in the last few years seem to have a different orientation. They have turned to the problems of a smaller world, infused with a sense of the importance of community which often escaped their brasher predecessors.

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As expressed by the student editors of the *Mountain Liberator* in Morgantown, W. Va.: "We won't indulge in rallies against repression, clenched fists and odious rhetoric and other New Left trappings. These things bore people and encourage them to conjure up false associations. . . . From here on we won't advance any cause or issue unless it directly affects student life on this campus—not out of lack of empathy but out of the limitations of our energy and resources."

The need to turn away from a messianic mission was also expressed by Harriet Avery, editor of the *Newton* (Mass.) *Times*, a physician's wife who runs a three-year-old suburban weekly. The paper is produced by 100 volunteers, most of them veterans of the peace movement and its related political campaigns. "In the peace movement we were getting a terrible message; that regardless of what we did to protest, it didn't matter," Mrs. Avery says. "In our community we do matter and this gives us a different attitude toward authority, toward government."

The *Newton Times* got its start in December 1970, at a what-can-we-do meeting of anti-war liberals who had become increasingly concerned that their liberal Democratic candidates did not win city elections, even though Democratic voters considerably outnumbered Republicans. A proposal for moderate-cost housing in Newton had also lost rather badly that year. In both situations, the lack of a local liberal paper seemed to be a factor. By the following September, the *Times* was launched with $5,000 in capital and an editor and ad man on salary. By Christmas the paid people had to go. Volunteers wrote the copy, sold the ads and pushed the circulation. Only tiny paychecks are forthcoming even now—to a core group essential to getting the paper out each week. The fact that the volunteer City Hall reporter was hired away by the establishment press indicates something about the professional quality of their work.

"Ours is a paper for readers," Mrs. Avery says, and it is pretty clear what kind of readers. All press releases, no matter how prestigious the source, are subject to ruthless editing. Weddings and engagements don't even get listed, but petitions, protest meetings and food co-ops are covered in detail. If the *Newton Times* manages to survive on this formula and continues to acquire establishment ads, and the city and county legal notices, it too may become a part of the establishment. Meanwhile, it plays a useful role in public debate. Even the Mayor, a Republican who is often criticized in this lively paper, credits the *Times* with "making citizens more aware of what is going on in the city."

With the growth of such local papers as the *Newton Times*, something similar is beginning to appear at the state level. The *Maine Times* is a superior example of a statewide liberal weekly that finds its own highly educated and relatively well-to-do audience where, a few years ago, no one might have expected one. The *Texas Observer*, which has found the same kind of audience in the Southwest, has been fighting for the liberal cause since 1954. The *Vermont Freeman* is published by a clergyman in two schoolhouses in the northern part of the state. There is talk of starting political papers in New Hampshire and elsewhere.

Although little newspapers seem to be getting under way with some success, starting one requires foresight and a good deal of caution. It's not too hard to borrow a typewriter and the $200 or $300 necessary to print the first edition. But if the paper is to live, it probably needs enough cash to stay afloat for three or four years before enough advertisers are willing to choose it as a regular medium for their messages. Even if the staff is willing to work without pay (all too often they are willing until they have tried it for a few months), and even if free headquarters can be found, it is still a long, hard pull. Subscribers must be found, and once found must be persuaded to resubscribe; advertisers must be visited and revisited. Meanwhile, editorial quality must be maintained.

It is difficult, but worth doing. These independent weeklies, biweeklies and monthlies can provide a small but useful alternative to the growing uniformity of the national media. □

AMNESTY—WHAT KIND AND WHEN?

ROBERT K. MUSIL

Washington

After three days of hearings before a House Judiciary subcommittee from March 8 to 13, it is evident that the question before the country is not *whether* to have an amnesty but what kind and when. The mood has shifted dramatically from a year ago, when amnesty seemed hopeless. Given a huge electoral mandate and freshly inked cease-fire agreements in his pocket, President Nixon was unassailable. When he said "no," the Gallup needle quivered up to 67 per cent against amnesty. Mr. Nixon regally paraded and feted the POWs, while his hatchet men, Agnew, Colson and Buchanan, filled the papers with pronouncements that the "few hundred" or "few thousand" war resisters were a collection of "malingerers, opportunists, criminals and cowards."

Amnesty proponents were reduced, like Bellow's *Herzog*, to madly composing letters to the editor—veritable popguns in response to the Administration's salvos—or traveling the small-town, chicken-dinner circuit, debating Legionnaires. But they have worked the grass

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Robert Musil, a former Army captain who refused to serve in Vietnam, is associate secretary of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors and a member of the steering committee of the National Council for Universal and Unconditional Amnesty. He testified at the House Judiciary subcommittee hearings.

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roots with increasing success. By last fall, more than fifty peace, civil liberties, veterans, church and other groups had forged a National Council for Universal and Unconditional Amnesty (NCUUA). Despite some stormy opening sessions over policy and priorities, NCUUA has begun to expand its constituency and clout. Member groups now range from the National Council of Churches and the ACLU, through Vietnam Veterans Against the War and exile groups in Canada and overseas. The Safe Return Amnesty Committee, one of the earliest groups to dramatize the plight of "self-retired veterans" through spectacular returns of anti-war deserters (John Herndon, Ed Sowders, Ed McNally, Lew Simon), continues to build strength and remind the public that it was primarily the sons of working-class Americans who had to choose to die in Vietnam or resist a war they judged immoral. Gold Star mother Louise Ransom enlisted Ramsey Clark and the veteran anti-war organizer Carl Rogers to build Americans for Amnesty, designed to convince Middle America that amnesty is "a decent thing to do." Civil rights groups have begun to act: the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and National Urban Coalition recently spoke out, as had the National Conference of Black Lawyers and the Southern Conference Educational Fund.

The growth of the amnesty movement has closely paralleled the deterioration of the Nixon Administration. Speakers have increasingly found larger and more receptive audiences as the spreading stain of Watergate has tarnished the Administration's law-and-order shield. There are few Hammurabis left in amnesty audiences to jump up and contend that "the law is the law." Indeed, the leniency shown to Watergate figures—immunity, light sentences, plea bargaining, probation—has not gone unnoticed. Rep. Paul McCloskey (R., Calif.) changed an amnesty bill from conditional to unconditional upon learning of former Vice President Agnew's unsupervised probation.

In harsh contrast to the treatment of Administration figures and to Lieut. William Calley—who was declared "useful to society" and released on bail—was the fate of returning anti-war deserters. Richard Bucklin, who had spent five years in exile, was sentenced early this year to fifteen months at hard labor at Fort Leavenworth and received a bad conduct discharge; Ed McNally and Lew Simon, who had surrendered to the military before TV cameras at a Christmas party sponsored by Safe Return, were facing general courts-martial. Such inequity gave new momentum to amnesty.

With a Harris poll in early March showing Americans slightly in favor of at least a conditional amnesty (45 to 43 per cent), and 30 per cent in favor of an unconditional amnesty, the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Courts, Civil Liberties and the Administration of Justice, chaired by Rep. Robert Kastenmeier (D., Wis.), became a forum—at last—for a real discussion of amnesty. The subcommittee heard thirty-eight witnesses, about two-thirds of whom favored a universal, unconditional amnesty; it received more than 200 formal statements for inclusion in the record, nearly 90 per cent of them urging universal, unconditional amnesty.

At the end of the hearings, William P. Dixon, counsel

Engelhardt, St. Louis Post-Dispatch

to the subcommittee, announced that it had received more than 3,000 letters within three days—nearly all in favor of universal, unconditional amnesty—as well as signatures from 3,000 or 4,000 others on petitions that Lew Simon (then in the Fort Dix stockade) be allowed to testify. "Interestingly enough," said Dixon, "the letters were not forms, nor did they reflect simply an organized lobby. They were from a cross section of the country and were often carbons of letters to individual members of Congress."

Despite the volume and effectiveness of testimony for a sweeping amnesty, the media paid scant attention. The testimony was too complex and not "colorful" enough for the networks. With a few exceptions, press coverage focused on four figures: Leon Ulman, Deputy Assistant Attorney General; Sen. Robert A. Taft, Jr., (R., Ohio); Robert F. Froehlke, former Secretary of the Army, and Lieut. Gen. Leo E. Benade, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense (Military Personnel Policy).

Ulman made a splash the first day with the novel theory that Congress may not have the power to grant amnesty. Such a stand is a fall-back position for an Administration that senses among the legislators a serious intent to take action. In the world of journalism, however, the Justice Department's stand becomes news simply because it is new. *The New York Times, The Washington Post* and the wire service accounts all failed to report Ulman's answer to subcommittee member Robert F. Drinan's

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question about how many amnesty experts agreed with him: "I don't know of any who do agree with me."

Also generally unreported, or lumped as "amnesty lobbyists contend," was the testimony supporting the Congressional power to amnesty by Henry Schwarzschild, director of the ACLU Project on Amnesty; Joseph L. Rauh, vice president of Americans for Democratic Action; and Cornell law Prof. Harrop A. Freeman. (See his "What Nixon Forgets: Congress Bestows Amnesty," *The Nation,* March 26, 1973.) Worst of all, no one checked with the subcommittee itself. As Counsel Dixon put it after the hearings, "I think almost every member of the subcommittee believes we have the power to grant amnesty. In short, the subcommittee, after weighing a good deal of evidence, simply did not believe the Department of Justice."

On Monday, March 11, Sen. Robert Taft and former Army Secretary Robert Froehlke stole the headlines with pleas for conditional amnesty. What they said was news because they are respectable, moderate-conservative Republicans who disagree with the Administration. Little was made in the press, however, of Taft's lack of compassion for deserters, as opposed to draft evaders, simply because they were subject to the Uniform Code of Military Justice, and not to the Selective Service laws. Rev. Richard Killmer, director of the National Council of Churches Special Ministries/Vietnam Generation, exclaimed: "It was incredible. Taft kept saying he wouldn't include deserters because there were two different laws . . . that you have different sets of morality for different laws. If that's the kind of morals and ethics they teach at law school, wow!"

Froehlke saw the case of deserters as more complex and would establish a case-by-case board for them. He stressed that treatment of war resisters should not be "vindictive," and that a period of useful national service of some two to three months might be an appropriate penance. No one reported his admission, however, that "the only possible area where I can come up with useful service in that short a period of time would be in volunteering for medical experiments at great personal risk." When approached outside the hearings by Carl Rogers of Americans for Amnesty with an offer to visit with deserters in exile to get their views of the matter, Froehlke declined, citing the press of duties as head of the Sentry Insurance Company.

Again, there was no indication in the press that Senator Taft was arguing for his "Earned Immunity Act of 1974," not at all an amnesty. The subcommittee understands, according to Dixon, that amnesty, as the word implies, is the forgetting of a *class of political offenses*, not a series of individual pardons based on forgiveness. This notion has yet to penetrate *The New York Times,* which editorialized on March 14, "We Can Forgive." To compound its errors, the *Times* said: "Legislation to create an amnesty board to rule on individual cases is now under consideration in the House." This gaffe not only neglects unconditional amnesty bills from Representatives Abzug, Dellums and McCloskey, but shows that the *Times* did not take the hearings as seriously as even the most conservative members of the subcommittee.

Lieutenant General Benade propounded the Defense position clearly enough: "Any amnesty for deserters would be detrimental to the morale and discipline of the Armed Forces, and impact adversely on our national security." Typical of the headlines for the final day of hearings at which Benade spoke was "Amnesty Held Danger to National Security" in the *Los Angeles Times.* The press accounts missed the counter argument, presented repeatedly during the hearings, that amnesties for deserters throughout American history (the last was in 1952 by President Truman) have done no noticeable damage to moral and discipline.

The subcommittee's questioning of Benade disclosed—as numerous other witnesses had testified—that Pentagon studies of deserter motivation were sketchy compilations of commanders' field reports, and if anything, showed that DOD doesn't know why most of its men desert. (See Musil: "The Truth About Deserters," *The Nation,* April 16, 1973.) Benade also testified that more than 500,000 incidents of desertion occurred during the era of Vietnam, that at least 28,661 deserters are still at large, and that desertion rates during the period tripled those of the Korean War.

Pro-amnesty reactions to the hearings were mixed. Almost all agreed that the mere fact they were held brought the amnesty issue back into the public mind and made it a serious political issue. Most also feel that the subcommittee grappled seriously with the complexities of amnesty and moved toward a more favorable position. Chairman Kastenmeier agrees that the hearings have now made amnesty a discussable and serious issue, though he does not believe that the subcommittee will report out legislation this session. Counsel Dixon expects that the subcommittee will eventually rule favorably on at least a conditional amnesty.

Given more time to build public support, amnesty proponents see several areas that need to be presented more forcefully and clearly—both to the Congress and to the public. The Reverend Killmer, whose office supports work among veterans, especially those with other than honorable discharges, found the hearings "disappointing." He says, "There is a long way to go, especially in understanding the need for amnesty for the 450,000 vets with other than honorable discharges."

The cause of amnesty for veterans was hampered at the hearings because the Vietnam Veterans Against the War were not invited. VVAW has been working steadily for unconditional amnesty and has been particularly active in organizing vets with bad discharges. Testimony on behalf of such veterans from groups like the ACLU, the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, the National Council of Churches and others received no coverage. One witness, Trudi Young, director of Clergy and Laity Concerned, refused to appear unless she could present testimony from two black veterans. The subcommittee relented and listened to James Creedle, director of Veterans Education and Training Services, Rutgers University (Newark), who had served with the 196th Light Infantry in Vietnam, and to Wayne Spencer, of the Veterans Service Center, East St. Louis, Ill. They were the only witnesses to offer first-hand testimony countering that of the American Legion, VFW, Marine Corps

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League, NCO Association and other anti-amnesty veterans. Neither received any mention in the press.

Ernest Gruening, former Senator from Alaska and one-time editor of *The Nation,* brought the spectators in the hearing room to their feet with a ringing condemnation of the illegalities and falsehoods involved in the Vietnamese War, and the statement that "the men who refused to participate any longer in these artocities should be granted immediate amnesty and with it a declaration of appreciation for their decency and humanitarianism." Only columnist Mary McGrory reported on the testimony of Jeremy Mott, Midwest secretary of CCCO and the only convicted draft resister able to testify. Mott carefully detailed the inequities and illegalities of the draft, and politely explained that conditional amnesty would not be acceptable to most war resisters.

Nor was there much mention of the appearances of Reps. Ronald Dellums (D., Calif.), Bella Abzug (D., N.Y.) and Parren Mitchell (D., Md.), and representatives of the National Urban Coalition, all of whom spoke for unconditional amnesty. They underscored perhaps the most important point of all: amnesty is an issue that disproportionately concerns poor and minority group members of our society. Said Henry Schwarzschild of the ACLU, on the point of equality of sacrifice, "It is simply factual poppycock to suggest that everyone gave two years of his life to the country in that troubled period. . . . Fewer than 10 per cent of the draftable manpower pool was ever drafted. . . . Almost every young man whose parents were rich enough to send him to college and get him a 2-S deferment escaped the draft."

There were other gaps in the testimony. Most of those who would be directly affected by an amnesty—the war resisters themselves and their families—were reduced to submitting transcripts of their views. Their testimony will appear months from now, when the full record of the subcommittee hearings is printed. Nor was there any oral testimony from military resisters who did not go AWOL, but were charged with other crimes. Dave Brown, who served sixteen and a half months in military prisons after refusing in 1966 to participate in basic training when his attempts for a C.O. discharge had been denied, wrote in his statement for the printed record:

> Unfortunately, the subcommittee heard testimony from only two of us whom an amnesty would affect directly. . . . Amnesty is necessary, partly because so many people refused for so long to listen to resisters' voices . . . it is important to remember what it was that we who resisted did not do, and what it was we were trying to stop. We were not in the skies . . . raining death and ecological destruction, and driving people from their homes. We were not on the ground, at My Lai and so many other hamlets, carrying out massacres. . . . It is a sad, topsy-turvy world indeed, in which fine questions of motivation and morality are raised about those who removed themselves, by whatever means, from the horror, while those who created and carried out the horror are honored, promoted, and revered as heroes.

The subcommittee claims that testimony was heard from representatives of all categories, and that in any case it could not honor so many requests. Perhaps so, but the method of selection reduced the human drama of pro-amnesty testimony, and created a long string of organizational testimony that seemed mainly to bore the press. Finally, there was little chance for real appreciation by the Congress or the public of the urgency of amnesty demands. The hearings had an unreal quality. The marbled halls and courtly chambers of the Rayburn Building eerily suggested federal courts and courts-martial where judges and attorneys dispute the law, split hairs, and ignore the war, while the victims await their sentence.

Again, there was no coverage of those few who testified on behalf of resisters, that even the best bills from Abzug, Dellums and McCloskey are not sufficient. None of them contains, for instance, in the categories to be automatically amnestied, a whole series of military "crimes," besides AWOL and desertion, that includes "refusing a lawful order," "disrespect to a superior officer," "all other acts prejudicial to good order and discipline," and many more. None of the bills, in short, covers Dave Brown with his sixteen and a half months in military prison and bad conduct discharge, or most of the other members of the G.I. movement.

On the whole, however, the hearings helped the amnesty cause. The pendulum has swung to amnesty of some kind, but the champions of universal, unconditional amnesty still have work to do. As yet no unconditional amnesty bill for all categories of war resisters has been sponsored by any of the liberal, anti-war Senators. Where are Kennedy, McGovern, Church, Case, Fulbright and others who spoke so eloquently against the war?

Each day of delay causes serious tragedy and reduces the healing powers of amnesty. Just before the hearings, draft resister Al Kelly of Rock Island, Ill., returned from Canada to attend his father's funeral. He was picked up by the FBI. Lew Simon, whose testimony was read by his father, was later sentenced to seven months at hard labor at Leavenworth and given a bad conduct discharge.

Amnesty is not just an "emotional" issue. It is crucial to the resisters, and to the nation's moral health. If we are to learn anything from Vietnam, the easy, "moderate" stance of the press and the political pragmatists is not good enough—as it was not good enough in the face of the horrors of Vietnam. For all their claim of realism, those who support a "conditional" amnesty, or earned immunity, have yet to face the facts that such an amnesty is both administratively unworkable—with more than half a million cases at issue—and unacceptable to those who have suffered so much to resist the war. Worse, such realism will miss the chance for true reconciliation in the nation—not a "lowering of voices" or "bringing us together"—but a mature recognition that governments can and do act unjustly, and that justice can be done only by "the law undoing what the law itself has done." □

THE NATION

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Letting Daylight into the Swamp

LINCOLN STEFFENS: A Biography. *By Justin Kaplan. Simon & Schuster. 380 pp. $10.*

STUDS TERKEL

President Nixon's current speech writers have missed a bet. They have, on occasion, called upon Washington and Jefferson; they have neglected Teddy Roosevelt. And, for that matter, John Bunyan.

T.R. was at his orotund best when inveighing against Lincoln Steffens and his crusading colleagues, who insisted on exposing the venality of Big Business. Badmouthing trusts as he did was one thing; citing chapter and verse was something else again. He called on *Pilgrim's Progress*. With the fervor of Billy Sunday, he fired salvos at "the Man with the Muckrake . . . who consistently refuses to see aught that is lofty and fixes his eyes with solemn intentness only on that which is vile and debasing. The man who writes with the muckrake . . . speedily becomes one of the most potent forces of evil." In short, beware the journalists who wallow.

Fortunately, there has been a decided increase in their number of late. I.F. Stone, honored in his September years, after raking muck through cold, hard, unheeding decades, is sanguine. "The reporting is just wonderful. I've never seen so many marvelous newspapermen as today. It's extraordinary how much independence and vitality there is in the press now." True, but will the flavor last after the obscenities of Watergate have become history?

He does add an admonitory note: the immunity of Henry Kissinger from patently deserved slings and arrows, considering his role during the last years of our Indochinese play at *Schrecklichkeit*. Stone warns: "The press is easily chucked under the chin. If Nixon were as charming as Kissinger, the press would let him get away with murder." Indeed, they did for quite some time. Watergate was no Minerva sprung from the brow of Jupiter. Its birth and growing were inexorable, a compliant press being midwife and wet nurse.

When Alger Hiss was given the business by the young Congressman from California, how did the press behave? For bloody details, visit the reading room of your public library and twirl through the microfilm of our most respected newspapers. Never mind Henry Luce's *Time*. Whittaker Chambers was, after all, one of his respected senior editors. A slight example will do for now. During that cat-got-our-tongue time, a celebrated Sunday morning TV talk show (winner of numerous prestigious awards) invited Congressman Nixon to appear as its guest. Subsequently, Chambers was invited. Recently encountering Mr. Hiss, I asked him if he had ever been invited. "Of course not," he replied. His casualness was startling. It was no more startling, though, than the casualness with which programs such as this honored one should so dishonor a basic democratic tenet. The guilt of Alger Hiss was thus predetermined—at least in the court of public opinion.

Just about that time, our language, printed as well as spoken, took a wildly perverse turn. The free world came to include Franco's Spain, Salazar's Portugal, Chiang's China, the palatinate of any Latin American dictator who hollered, "I hate Commies"—and, of course, that archetype of all free societies, South Africa. Our press (I say "our" because, I, too, have become promiscuous in the use of reflex words), as well as radio and TV, were our prime teachers; frequently on prime time.

Though there now appears to be considerable soul-searching in this matter, we still hear newscasts and read communiqués from Saigon, worthy of *Catch-22*: "American soldier wounded, three Communists die." Hasn't anyone wondered why our boy is always described by his nationality and the others by their ideology? Shouldn't an investigative journalist, be he foreign correspondent or police reporter, investigate the matter? Wouldn't he perhaps come upon four human beings, three of whom are dead—assuming the body count is accurate? He might very likely report: "One American wounded, three Vietnamese die. The first represented the capitalist side; the others the Communist side." If I read Lincoln Steffens right, that is what his credo was all about.

How different is today from the time of Steffens' boyhood? Kaplan writes: "Henry George in 1868 had predicted an era in which a few would become rich and most would become poorer than before." I hear the voice of a White House economist: "Nonsense. Most of us are much more affluent today than we were then." Tell it to the truckers, on whose trailers, "America: Love It Or Leave It" bumper stickers are hardly legible. Tell it to the man in the bungalow, who pays the local tax man more than Howard Hughes pays the IRS. Tell it to the middle-class housewife, who is clobbered weekly at the supermarket. No point telling anything to our growing underclass.

The above reference to the middle-class housewife evokes a thought of Chile's *bourgeoises*. Our press covered most sympathetically the pots and pans brigade of the Santiago ladies. Where was the investigative journalist, the muckraker, to inform us that they objected to a meatless *two* days out of a meaty *seven*-day week; that they protested the grabby hands of the have-nots? It took a Swede, Bobi Sourander of *Dagens Nyheter*, hot out of the football field jail, to tell us that. Perhaps I'm myopic, but I've seen none of this even in our most respected newspapers. Habit—the acceptance of the official handout—is hard to break.

"As a reporter and participant," Justin Kaplan writes, "Steffens had been at the center of events and his eyes had been opened to what was to be the great discovery of muckraking: the vast terra incognita that lay in the dark spaces bounded by public ignorance and official representations. . . . He found personal as well as journalistic imperatives here."

Call it advocacy journalism. Is there any other kind? When Hildy Johnson reported a crime, his source was the police blotter. "The gun was accidentally discharged," our *Front Page* hero blithely informed city desk. "The police allege that Mr. Nobody lunged at Officer Friendly's holster." By the time the news appeared, Mr. Nobody was either dead or lying in a county hospital bed, charged with criminal assault. Hildy was, of course, busy reporting another such crime. It's no accident that Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur admired Hildy and his city editor, Walter Burns. The two journalists-turned-playwrights were perhaps the two most noninvestigative, wholly cosmetic newspapermen in Chicago's history. Color, yes; truth, hardly. (In contrast, Mike Royko, Chicago's

Studs Terkel's latest book is Working: What People Do All Day and How They Feel About It, *published this spring by Pantheon Books.*

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most potent journalist, offers truth as well color. He investigates and muckrakes to a remarkable degree. He honors Lincoln Steffens in his daily work.)

Some *ex post facto* muckraking might be in order here. A study is yet to be made of the Hecht-MacArthur days. Walter Burns's prototype was a lickspittle for Al Capone. The late Ray Brennan described him as "Al's errand boy." Yet, at the same time, he used his paper to bully a jury into passing the death penalty on a miscreant named Carl Wanderer. Hecht and MacArthur accompanied the wretched man to the gallows. Their account was amusing. Hildy and Walter were certainly advocacy journalists. So were Ben and Charlie.

Welfare "cheating" is still worth headlines, while the ghetto fire is somewhere near the obituaries. The reader's eye quickly gloms onto the name of the dead industrialist and his Bachrach portrait and just as quickly passes over the deaths of three babies, who were mindless enough to mistake peeling paint for something nutritious. Lincoln Steffens' lessons are still to be learned. Young Chicago reporters could do worse than visit Peggy Terry, a mountain *émigrée*. As she explains it: "You live in a 'sir' neighborhood. I live in a 'hey, you' neighborhood."

John L. Spivak understood it. He is the forgotten journalist who, in the 1930s, raked mud in the tradition of Steffens. In his autobiography, *A Man in His Time*, he said all that need to be said:

> A woman lay in a crumpled heap in front of the kitchen sink. A man sprawled awkwardly on the floor a few feet from her.
> I called my office.
> "Murder and suicide," I said.
> "Where?"
> "Third Avenue, just under the El."
> "Forget it," he said and hung up.

Of Steffens' *The Shame of the Cities*, Kaplan writes: "It effectively demolished cherished beliefs . . . that corruption came from the bottom of the economic and social order, not the top; that it was part of the growing pains of young cities; that it accompanied an immigrant population, who in a strange land reverted to innate lawlessness; and that the businessman was the good citizen and the politician was the bad citizen."

Today, our young muckrakers are digging down deep and exposing the alliance between the two. Theirs is, in Lincoln Steffens' phrase, "the letting in of light and air." But, as Bessie Smith sang out, it's a long, old lonesome road. □

You May Laugh, Wenn Sie Wollen

THE LEISURE RIOTS. *By Eric Koch. Tundra Books. 219 pp. $7.50.*

ROBERT SHERRILL

Eric Koch is crazy, all right. No doubt about that. The only question is, is his insanity more akin to that of Kingsley Amis or Joseph Heller? Or is he afflicted by some special, esoteric insanity that strikes only executives of the Canadian Broadcasting Corp., which is where he works when he isn't writing these deliciously daft novels (and which may help explain why the CBC turns out so much better stuff than the networks in this country).

The plot: John H. Roberts is the President of the United States: a highly unlikely eventuality right there, for Roberts has twice been divorced and comes to national politics from a professorship at the University of California at Berkeley. President Roberts is troubled by a series of strange vandalisms. They seem to point to a national psychosis. He is afraid that if they continue they will interfere with his efforts to win re-election. So he employs one of the best-known think tanks, CRUPP, to look into the matter, find out what's bothering the miscreants, and offer some method for soothing them and bringing them under control.

CRUPP is presided over, appropriately, by one Friedrich Bierbaum, who emigrated to the United States after his former boss and idol, Herman Goring, went out of business. One reason Bierbaum can cope with life, though never really winning a major victory, is that he is brimming over with some of the most charmingly dumb "wise-sayings" that I have ever encountered, and apparently can dredge one up for any occasion. " 'What do you mean?' I asked, my heart in my pants. (Remember the German idiom, *Mein Herz ist in die Hosen gefallen?*)" Or: " 'Of course not,' I said, taking her hand and lifting it up to my lips. I always enjoy performing this formal, old-fashioned ritual in bed, and am usually reminded of the old story about the Viennese who when asked why he always kissed ladies' hands, replied, *'Man muss doch irgendwo anfangen!'* (One's got to start somewhere.)"

The Bierbaum staff includes Hilde Hildesheim, a faded German movie star of the Marlene Dietrich era who still thinks that going without a bra is the ultimate of sexiness, and Karin Hamsun, beautiful *émigrée* from Sweden who learned all about computers at the University of Texas and is now unable to talk in anything but computer language, even in bed: "Well, then, let's do it the cyclic way. That's more interesting for my software. I think it's good for your toggle switch, too. I suppose you're used to the elementary horizontal feed, eh?" I mention only Hilde and Karin because, among a number of peculiar staff members, they interested the lecherous (wearily lecherous) Bierbaum the most.

CRUPP finally runs to ground one vandal, Eddie MacIntosh, who has written "Fuck You" on the rear end of a dinosaur in the Smithsonian museum. (Other disturbing vandalisms across the country included, Koch tells us: ". . . In Houston, Texas, a person or persons raided a handicraft store, and pinched all the instructions for making lamps out of Chianti bottles; in Poughkeepsie, New York, they scribbled profanities on thirty-three travel posters urging customers to go to the Passion Plays in Oberammergau; in St. Louis, Missouri, somebody took one piece out of each of two thousand different jigsaw puzzles, and in Atlanta, Georgia, they smashed the windows of the Berlitz School.")

MacIntosh is not riffraff. He is a decent middle-class fellow whose idea of naughtiness is *Playboy* magazine and the *old* Playmates of the Month (phenomena Bierbaum correctly describes as "the Protestant equivalent of Catholic madonna worship. They represent women so clean that their sexuality has been sanitized out of existence . . . the whole idea is that you mustn't touch those girls. They are so clean, so remote, so unreal, that they don't do the trick at all. They look as though they had never had a period in their lives. . . .").

What's MacIntosh's problem? He's bored. After discovering this, CRUPP sets about to cure him and to cure the nation. And therein lies the wackiest treatment since the Marx Brothers got confused between horse doctoring and human doctoring in *A Day at the Races*. At issue is the ancient question: Is it more boring to work, or not to work? And by the final page of this fine madness you will ask of Bierbaum, as his wife did at one point, *"Hast Du alle Deine Tassen im Schrank?"* which, he tells us, "is Berlin street language, meaning do you have all your cups in your cupboard?" □

Robert Sherrill's latest book is The Saturday Night Special *(Charterhouse Books).*

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Poets Not Made—Born of Influence

THE ANXIETY OF INFLUENCE: A Theory of Poetry. *By Harold Bloom. Oxford University Press. 157 pp. $5.95.*

FRED MORAMARCO

One approaches a new book by Harold Bloom with a good deal of enthusiasm. Along with a handful of other academic critics, Bloom has virtually reinterpreted the English literary tradition, and with the publication last year of *The Oxford Anthology of English Literature,* edited by Bloom, Hollander, Kermode, Price, Trapp and Trilling, we have the fruits of several lifetimes of literary scholarship. For that reason it pains me to have to ask, as I read through *The Anxiety of Influence* with greater and greater incredulity, how it is possible that so talented, energetic and influential a literary critic as Harold Bloom could have written such a self-indulgent, misguided book as this one? Its pages are a forest of verbiage, a cacophony of jargon and invented terms. Here is a willful attempt to reassert the primacy of that tired old literary hobby-horse, influence. Bloom gives us a whole new critical rhetoric designed to send another generation of graduate students back to the stacks to locate traces of poet A in poet B who in turn influenced poet C.

Now Bloom himself seems aware both of the implications and the limitations of this approach. He speaks of "the wearisome industry of source-hunting, of allusion-counting, an industry that will soon touch apocalypse anyway when it passes from scholars to computers." Yet somehow he must feel that his book is not a contribution to that industry. As I read it, the book will provide a new rationale, a new influx of misdirected energy, for what was surely an unfortunate chapter in the history of literary study.

Of course, there is nothing wrong with pointing out the fact that one poet influenced another, but it's quite another matter to construct an entire system of criticism the core of which is the simple sentence: "The meaning of a poem can only be another poem." Did I read right? Yes, there it is on page 94 in the middle of an "Interchapter" entitled "A Manifesto for Antithetical Criticism." For more flavor, a few surrounding sentences:

> Moral and other blatant philosophical or psychological criticisms all reduce to rival conceptualizations. We reduce—if at all—to another poem. The meaning of a poem can only be another poem. This is not a tautology, not even a deep tautology, since the two poems are not the same poem, any more than two lives can be the same life.

So much for critical history, from Aristotle to the present: all reductionism, according to Bloom—not bad in itself, but wrong-headed reductionism. The point is not to reduce to philosophical implication, to psychological insight, to moral value, even to structural principle. The only reduction worth trimming down to is "influence." Criticism, he tells us, "is the art of knowing the hidden roads that go from poem to poem."

If there's any sort of criticism we don't need at the present moment, it's the sort that treats poetry as a universe apart, and poets as passing on mantles, muses and laurels from one generation to another. What we need is a broadening approach, eclectic, open and tentative. One which incorporates developments in linguistics, in the social and behavioral sciences, in revisionist views

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of history. Most of all, one which is humanistic—which relates poetry to universal human experience and enriches our capacity to comprehend our present moment. What we don't need, certainly, is more specialized terminology, around which to design courses. "There is no more boring or feckless hoax," Edward Dahlberg wrote long ago, "than the aesthetic-scientific vocabulary."

But the "aesthetic-scientific vocabulary" is Bloom's métier, and he constructs his whole book around six terms which he plucks from various sources. The terms are *clinamen, tessera, kenosis, daemonization, askesis* and *apophrades*. Bloom defines these early along, then devotes a chapter to obfuscating each of them. *Clinamen* is poetic misreading; the word (from Lucretius) means a "swerve" of atoms that causes change. Bloom's use: every poet reads a poem by a "precursor" (this word seems to appear on every page) and executes "a *clinamen* in relation to it." Get it? He swerves away, writes his poem as he thinks the precursor's poem should have been written. *Tessera*, he says "is completion and antithesis." Thus a poet enacts a *tessera* when he extends the meaning of his precursor's poem by developing (in his own poem) its antithesis. Stevens, for example, "abounds in *tesserae*, for antithetical completion is his central relation to his American Romantic precursors." *Kenosis* (a word from St. Paul) means breaking away or "a movement toward discontinuity with the precursor." I'll let Bloom speak for himself here as he tells us how the "ephebe" or apprentice poet affects *kenosis*: "I arrive therefore at the pragmatic formula: 'Where the precursor was, there the ephebe shall be, but by the discontinuous mode of emptying the precursor of *his* divinity, while appearing to empty himself of his own.' However plangent or even despairing the poem of *kenosis*, the ephebe takes care to fall soft, while the precursor falls hard." A lot of the book reads like that. Then there is *daemonization*, in which the ephebe "opens himself" to the poetic power of the parent poem and creates a "Counter-Sublime in reaction to the precursor's Sublime." *Askesis* is the solitude of the ephebe, apparently his own imaginative endowment; and *apophrades* Bloom defines as the "return of the dead" in the voice of the living.

Now the problem with all of that is that people just don't talk about poetry in that way, they don't read it in that way, and poets don't write it in that way. All this talk about ephebes and precursors will lead us to critical nonsense, which will surely engender lots of dissertations ("Whitmanic Clinamen in the Later Ephebic Poems of Hart Crane") and render them even less readable than they are now. We crave a criticism which brings poet and reader closer together, and not one which erects a buffer of terminology between the two.

To be sure, studies of poetic influence have their place, can enrich our sense of poetic continuity, and in the discontinuous world we live in anything which enhances our appreciation of the past is eagerly to be sought. But the discovery of poetic influence is and should be only a small part of our response to a poem, a kind of literary dessert which reminds us that even the geniuses among us do not live in vacuous solitude, but respond to and build upon the work of their predecessors. They respond, however, to lots of other things as well—the culture they live in, their friends, the events of their time, books other than poetry that they read, etc. To boil down the very complex question of influence to a poet and his precursor, or, even more narrowly, to a poem and its "parent poem," is simply to diminish our capacity to respond fully to poetry.

The Anxiety of Influence is a seductive book because it comes from such an influential critic, and because its thesis is pursued with the relentless logic that characterizes closed systems. Moreover, Bloom's theory is erected upon an ingenious adaptation of the Freudian "family romance" to poetic theory. Bloom quotes a long passage of what he calls Freud's "darkest wisdom," in which Freud speaks of the child's feelings of indebtedness to his parents that manifest themselves in fantasies of saving their lives. By analogy, Bloom argues, the poet wishes to "rescue" his precursors from oblivion at the same time that he asserts what is in essence the child's fantasy: "the wish to be the father of himself," i.e., the wish to be independent and original.

This is a neat and cogent application of Freudian psychology, but it hardly justifies the elaborate critical edifice that Bloom constructs. Instead of buttressing this insight with particulars, Bloom erects

TAKING A SPIN ON WESTCOTT STREET

Slinky, like an angel
In his white jockey shorts
Came to tell me
I was the chosen one,
Came to ask if he could borrow the mattress.
I sighed. It was an old story,
But I wouldn't sit still for the part.

One thing leads to another,
My grandmother is fond of saying.
I watch myself spin around
In the fun house mirror of romance:
I'm drunk, the word "transcendent,"
Vague attractions leading nowhere,
An odyssey, then (desire is restless)
A million re-runs of
"The Wizard Of Oz" (Dorothy is a girl
who can't get out of her ruby slippers.)

Any other time, I would have crossed over,
Swallowed the key, lost my mind
Inside a fiction—Kathleen, Virgin Queen,
Also known as "The Lump."

You struck at the heart of me,
Down every way but one;
My needs were another thing.

Hard to know, in the morning,
Which miracle:
The sunlight found me and David again.
He made himself a cup of coffee
And danced a little, around the room.

Kathleen Norris

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a baroque system of abstractions—what Bacon would have called "Idols of the Theatre." This book lays the foundations for a possible new age of criticism, but surely we ought to recall what the late Randall Jarrell observed about the last outbreak of the critical plague: when criticism of this sort flourishes, literature is in its death throes. □

Book Marks

CAREY McWILLIAMS

LIFE IN THE IRON MILLS. *By Rebecca Harding Davis, with a biographical interpretation by Tillie Olsen. The Feminist Press. 174 pp. Paper $2.25.*

Life in the Iron Mills, first published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1861, is here reprinted: 111 years later. But better late than never; the work, short as it is, is a classic and should have been reissued long since. But even more valuable, in a way, is Tillie Olsen's remarkable 105-page biographical interpretation. She first read the story—it was published anonymously—when she was 15, and she did not discover the name of the author until 1958! In her "interpretation" she has put together the facts about Rebecca Harding Davis (she was the mother of Richard Harding Davis) and her writings, and what she has to say about both is perceptive and illuminating. It suggests the need for an integrated study of American women writers, many long neglected, who were both feminists and radicals of a sort: Agnes Smedley, Josephine Herbst, Edith Summers Kelley (now in the process of being reprinted), Harriet Simpson Arnow, and others, with Rebecca Harding Davis being, perhaps, the first of the lot. It is a pleasure to note that *The Nation* reviewed several books by Rebecca Harding Davis, at a time when they attracted little notice, and reviewed them well.

POLITICAL MURDER IN NORTHERN IRELAND. *By Martin Dillon and Denis Lehane. Penguin Books. 318 pp. Paper $1.75.*

The authors of this uniquely important report are young men of the same age—25—who reported on some 200 assassinations in Northern Ireland for the Belfast *Telegraph.* The reporting is detailed, detached and extraordinarily vivid. Written from a nonsectarian point of view, the authors achieve and maintain a remarkable objectivity. The details are horrifying. The most interesting section is Part IV, on "The Killers," with sections on

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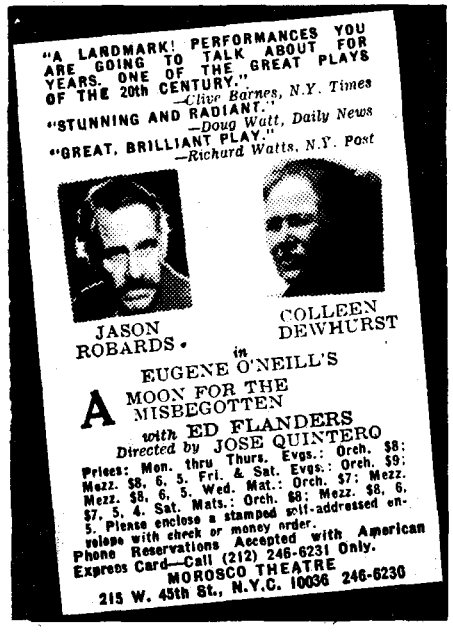
the IRA assassins, the Protestant assassins and the British Army killers. It would be hard to imagine a more difficult and dangerous assignment for two young reporters—apparently they were selected because they were not well-known—and their performance cannot be praised too highly. I met Martin Dillon in Belfast in 1969, a gentle, soft-spoken, intelligent young man—not the type, I would have thought, to qualify a few years later as an expert on political murder. No one interested in the "troubles" in Northern Ireland can afford to ignore this volume.

GOOD MORNING REVOLUTION! Uncollected Social Protest Writings. *By Langston Hughes. Edited with an introduction by Faith Berry. Foreword by Saunders Redding. Lawrence Hill & Co. 160 pp. $6.50. Paper $2.95.*

The social protest writings of Langston Hughes, poems, a short story, some speeches, and passages about his visits to Russia, Spain and China. Most of this material appeared in out-of-the-way publications, and pulling it together in one volume was an excellent idea. Beneath that pleasant exterior, Hughes was a man who harbored revolutionary sentiments. But he was forced to keep them fairly well hidden since, after all, he had to make a living as a writer and lecturer. Never a member of the Communist Party, he was nonetheless hauled before Senator McCarthy in March 1953, and given the familiar treatment, with the result that some of his books were banned from schools and libraries, and his lecture agent canceled his contract. He ran into trouble at Chapel Hill when *Contempo,* a local magazine, gave front-page prominence to "Christ in Alabama," the day he was scheduled to give a reading of his poems, and, in one of the rare instances of bigotry in her career, Aimee Semple McPherson had her followers picket a luncheon meeting in Pasadena where Hughes was scheduled to make an appearance. Aimee had taken strong exception to "Goodbye, Christ." Saunders Redding is right: "From the 1920s until his death in 1967, no poet caught with such sharp immediacy and intensity the humor and the pathos, the irony and the humiliation, the beauty and the bitterness of the experience of being a Negro in America." And his tragedy—really ours—is, as Faith Berry notes, that he "suffered the consequences of being ahead of his time, ready for America before America was ready for him." One of the pieces included, "Laughter in Madrid," appeared in *The Nation* of January 29, 1938. It is good to learn that Faith Berry, who has contributed to *The Nation,* is preparing a biography of Hughes.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IT PAYS TO BE WHITE. *By Eric Marshall. With an introduction by Dr. J.F. Cairns, M.P. Alpha Books (Sydney, Australia). 135 pp. $3.50.*

An account of the efforts of Elizabeth Marshall, wife of the author, to create a better understanding of Asian peoples in Australia. The most interesting chapter has to do with Mrs. Marshall's experiences as a mission-social worker in Fiji in the years 1908-10. The chapter provides excellent insight into the origins of the phenomenon known as "prejudice." Over the years, the Colonial Sugar Refining Co. imported Indians to work in the sugar plantations because the Fijians were not interested in making peons of themselves. The predictable consequence of the importation of Indian "coolies" was to generate friction between Indians and Fijians despite the fact that both groups were victims of the company's obsession with the need for cheap labor. Worth noting, also, are the caustic comments by Dr. Cairns about the "cause" world, in which he shrewdly observes that most of those who work for "causes" are unconcerned with social change. For Elizabeth Marshall, working for better racial understanding was never a matter of "doing good for good's sake," but of "doing good" in areas that involved significant social change.

AN AMERICAN-MADE TRAGEDY: Neo-Colonialism and Dictatorship in the Philippines. *By William J. Pomeroy. International Publishers. 190 pp. $8. Paper $2.95.*

An excellent account of neo-colonialism, American-style, from the beginnings of United States rule in 1898 to the present time.

THE REBEL GIRL: An Autobiography—My First Life (1908-1926). *By Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. International Publishers. 368 pp. $12.50. Paper $3.95.*

First issued in 1955 when the author was still in prison (Smith Act). The second volume—"My Second Life," which would have carried the story forward from 1937 to the present—was never completed. This volume contains some valuable insights into labor history and phases of the radical movement; the section on the Sacco-Vanzetti case is of particular interest.

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY IN THE CONGO: 1960-1964. *By Stephen R. Weissman. Cornell University Press. 325 pp. $13.50.*

A closely reasoned, detailed study of American policy in the Congo from 1960 to 1964. The author notes that some of the key assumptions underlying American policy were dubious; for example, the extent of Soviet influence in the area—and actual interest—were exaggerated. But more important, American policy makers had a limited view of the new socioeconomic-political realities in postwar Africa. A separate Bureau of African Affairs was not set up in the State Department until July 1958, and those who staffed it were sure that they were up against a "stacked deck," since the upper reaches of the department could see little merit in the new bureau. In 1957 we had 256 Foreign Service personnel in West Germany but only 248 for the whole of Africa. The Eisenhower Republicans—Christian Herter, Douglas Dillon, Thomas Gates, Robert Murphy—were upper class, Europe-oriented, and certainly not highly interested in Africa or knowledgeable about African affairs. Clare Timberlake, the first U.S. Ambassador to the Congo, had been involved in African affairs to some extent before and after World War II, but had little sympathy or understanding of African nationalism and was definitely sympathetic to the Belgian point of view. The Kennedy people—Stevenson, Bowles, G. Mennen Williams, Harlan Cleveland—had a more informed view of Africa and its problems, but they, too, exaggerated Soviet influence and the extent to which "national security" was affected by what happened in the Congo. The importance of the study lies in the fact that American policy in the Congo reflects the limitations, generally, of U.S. policy in the Third World. The author is a *Nation* contributor. □

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

If I were in charge of a theatre organization today I would not choose to produce Strindberg's *Dance of Death*. This, despite the fact that Strindberg was a great generative force in modern drama, indeed, a genius, and though the play is a masterpiece.

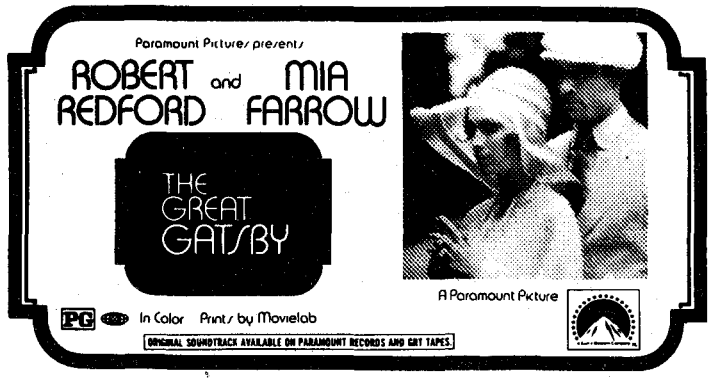
Why do I take this heretical position and why is *The Dance of Death* so frequently produced? The bitterness which arises in marital relations, the "love-hate," as Strindberg himself calls it in this play (written in 1901), is an emotion universally understood. It is as old as the hills, but Strindberg was perhaps the first in the modern era to give it deep and protracted dramatization. Hate has ever held a special fascination for audiences. In the Greek and Elizabethan theatre its rage was given terrifying epic stature. But today hate—especially marital hate—is something we try to hide as socially unseemly and shameful. Strindberg tore the lid off. Then too, the characters in *The Dance*, Edgar the captain and his wife Alice are virtuoso roles. Monsters are meat for actors of formidable personality.

An artist cannot be fully understood apart from a particular environment. Strindberg is profoundly Swedish. The very climate of Sweden—its long winter nights and its equally long summer days with their dazzling pale blue skies; the "suicide lights," Swedes call it—creates a frigid gloom, a malignant inversion, or a tempestuous and enveloping mysticism, all of which found penetrating voice in Strindberg.

Add to this the sorry circumstances of Strindberg's life: his self-torment at having been born of a misalliance (his mother was a servant), his intense but ambiguous sexuality, his materialistic agnosticism and religiosity, which led to the inferno of a mental breakdown. Such plays as *The Father*, *Creditors*, *The Stronger* and especially *The Dance of Death* are grim and dark with lightning explosions of hysteria. They seem to spring from a well of long-enforced silence, and one is overcome by a sense of people enclosed in dungeons of the soul, festering with an unrelenting urge to break loose, yet impotent to do so except in sudden outbursts. Like that other captain in *The Father*, most of Strindberg's people seem bound in a spiritual and social strait jacket.

The Strindberg atmosphere with its symbolic violence which would be dun and dull were it not for the awful tension of its torment is, I maintain, alien to the contemporary cosmopolitan, and especially, the American temper. We may suffer from as much torture as we find in Strindberg, but our sufferings are manifested in an entirely different way. We live in a "free society": there is open discussion among us; religion and strict rules of decorum have little hold now; we have a wide choice of distractions; we have rationalized ourselves into illusions of ease, comfort and ready access to well-being. What troubles us takes place in an altered key on another scale in other dimensions.

Thus *The Dance of Death* has in recent days been "translated" to black comedy and even into farce: schematically by Dürrenmatt, and brilliantly because organically by Anouilh in the second act of his *Waltz of the Toreadors*.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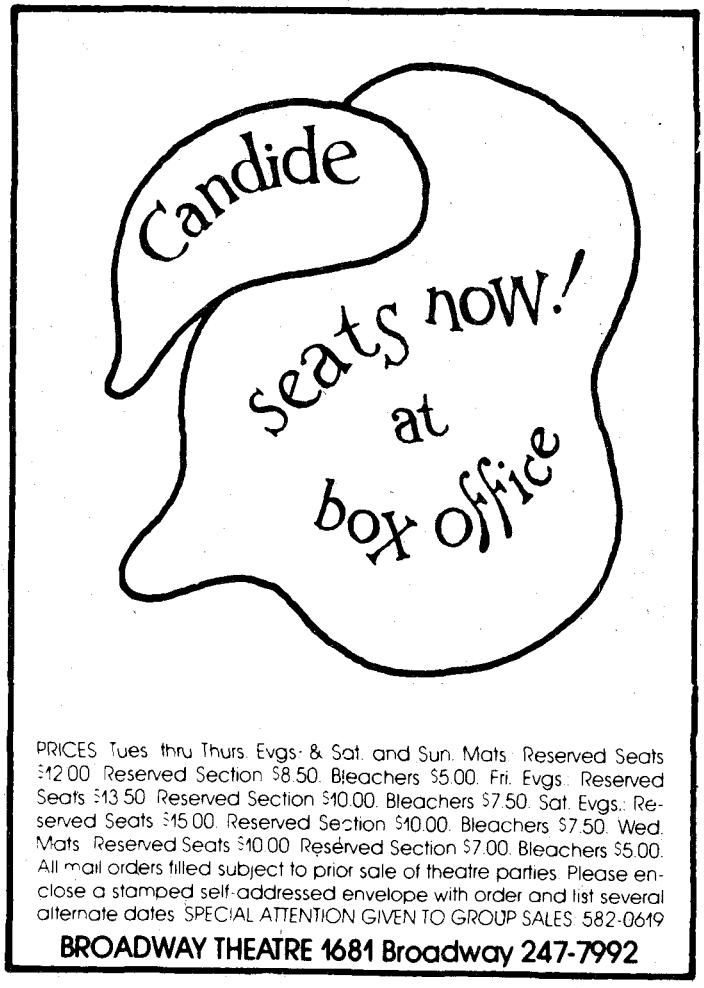
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But the transformations are rarely convincing. The trick makes us laugh on the wrong side of our faces—because Strindberg is *not* funny. Confronted with this "new" treatment, an audience is very much in the disposition of a person who says "yes" while shaking his head. To suggest, as does Elizabeth Sprigge, the translator of the adapted version being used at Lincoln Center, that Strindberg may now be treated in the vein of Ionesco makes as much sense to me as saying that Ionesco should be done as if he were Strindberg.

True, Strindberg has the Captain say, as his wife giggles at the absurdity of their and virtually all existence, "Are you crying? No, you're laughing, surely. Yes, child, that's how it is for us—part laughter and part tears." But that is telling only in the context of the play's basic anguish and frightfulness.

The production at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre is unmistakably skillful. A.J. Antoon, its director, has an acute sense of stage effect. He has endeavored to combine all the possible means of evading a heavy or morose Strindberg while still retaining him. (To aid in this effort, he resorts to several cuts and transpositions of lines.) The result is something like a "Gothic" melodrama which is also a joke.

Strindberg's setting is a stone tower or fortress, once an island prison, of which one of the characters says, "the very walls smell of poison . . . one feels it the moment one comes in." The text itself refers to it as a "little hell." The setting at Lincoln Center resembles a New Orleans mansion, complete with a rather decorative veranda, from which many windows look out into the open. The very ably designed lighting suggests a thriller, and at moments gales blow, shutters bang, lights flicker and flash to create a sense of nameless threat. Yet we are never frightened, for there is nothing truly macabre or dangerous in the air.

The conversations of Strindberg's characters are barbed with venom; they strike as though from a restive silence. Their exchange is insidiously cutting rather than loud. In Antoon's production, the Captain and his wife rasp and shriek their insults at each other, which makes them ludicrous people, not for a moment to be taken seriously. What is entirely missing—and this seems to be the crux of the play's secret and one of the main factors of the never-ending and calamitous duel which underlies the drama—is a consuming sexuality now grown virulent from frustration.

Zoë Caldwell commands more power than any other actor on our stage. She has a marvelously rich voice, incomparably projects her every intention, shows an unerring sense of the theatre and a striking sense of humor. But

TWO CUBIST POEMS

1.

Laundry smells, kitchen smells
a green glade in Ireland

steep stairs climbing
a small house lingers over the hill

darkness falls with meaning
sun rises in Ireland

black books queerly crouched
someone waits at the top of the hill

books change to necromancers
lie in shade in moist grass

black hats, black cloaks
cloud-puffs in early sky

house becomes no-house
lie in grass, let the wind blow

darkness rising into moon
wind blow over your nakedness

what child is crying there?
mind at ease beyond the sky

how unspeakable those longings!
stillness and the skyward gaze

die once more into your sleep
green glade sunning

sleep revolving into day
mind and mind rejoining

2.

Walls of glass
furtive spirits, red blue green

whiteness bespeaks order
green shrubs washed by rain

whiteness of patterned squares
shrubs twisting in the wind

"I" sit . . . "I" think
outer reflecting inner

body fastens what it may
eyes assert the frame

transparencies within the mind
meanings know no fixed abode

whiteness all the way within
(outside, dark and light revolving)

angels in the whiteness, witches and ogres in the whiteness
raindrops on the swaying shrubs

mind makes: makes or takes
moment undoes time

within crystal = mirror
gray cat creeping along the fence top

subdue your colors, eidolon
gray cat leaps down from the fence

transparent behind walls of glass
green of day, ungreen of night

whose mind is?
cool shrubs bending in the rain

body does, again does
something is. *In the rain*

Frederick Morgan

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even as we take pleasure in all these attributes we see they are being used to further the director's scheme rather than any central idea which might correspond to the dramatist's intention. It is a pity, for Miss Caldwell is surely capable of more inwardly directed acting of equal force and far greater subtlety.

Robert Shaw plays the Captain with energy and intelligence and sound professionalism, but when it comes to the "theatrics," which, I repeat, is the production's chief emblem, he is no match for his "partner" and seems overwhelmed by her. Even this may be the result of a staging which aims at separate points and establishes no real connection between husband and wife—or the actors who play them.

Hector Elizondo plays the friend who is very nearly crushed between the two antagonists. He is an excellent actor and his simple precision—he alone is absolved from being raucous—helps keep the production on an almost normal keel. That serves the others as something to play against for purposes of comedy.

There is considerable talent in the production but unfortunately it is all on the surface, a valiant effort to make Strindberg "popular."

My Fat Friend by Charles Laurence is a light entertainment from London consisting chiefly of funny lines of camp and pleasant performances (Brooks Atkinson Theatre). There is little point to outlining its plot—about love and dieting!—for it is only an excuse for the author's improvisational banter. I enjoyed seeing Lynn Redgrave: there is a tender robustness in her acting, a simple, direct and very feminine knowingness, plus considerable skill. George Rose is expert and very amusing as an overt homosexual favored with the play's brightest sallies. John Lithgow also plays attractively.

But the main reason for mentioning the play here is to make a point about theatre economics and sociology. *My Fat Friend* is a typical comedy of London's West End (commercial) theatre. There are large audiences for such plays there because ordinary theatregoers do not expect—hardly even wish—their plays to be "important." They just want a cosy good time, to have a little friendly fun as at a family gathering. There is a certain amiable provincialism about this attitude.

There might be just as large an audience for this sort of theatre here—there used to be before 1920—if tickets and operating costs were not so high, and if the audiences to which such plays are addressed were not put off by the semi-sophistication of our reviewers. In a sense, it is a loss, because the theatre

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should provide room for every sort of playgoer, including "country folk" and the lower-middle class: it would make for a healthier condition all around. Plays like *My Fat Friend* when well acted, as this one is, have long runs in London and in England generally; here, they usually fail. But American producers haven't noticed the fact. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

A group of Philadelphia institutions has projected a series of art exhibitions, workshops, film programs, lectures and panels, under the title "Focus." The theme of all this activity is women's art. It began with two exhibitions, "Women's Work—America '74" and "In Her Own Image." The first has been planned as a survey of art by women; the second is aimed more sharply, stressing the self-images of women artists or at least the images women have of one another. This beginning triggered the other events. According to a press release of last January, "every major art-related institution and school" in the area will be engaged, except of course for the Barnes Foundation whose calm shall never be disturbed. In addition, some of the commercial galleries in the city are planning to show women's art.

The project has been well received, except by some local women artists who felt that adequate provision had not been made for *them*. There were, they felt, too many established women artists in the show. However, this dissension was suddenly dwarfed by an act of censorship, the stupidity of which threatens the broad-based and well-conceived exhibition program. Indeed, the project may have been fatally damaged. It must be admitted that a city playing host to a venture of this kind is vulnerable to protest, but equally the city has an especially strong obligation not to precipitate unnecessary crises.

The background of the act of censorship is as follows: The invitational show, "Women's Work," is planned for the Philadelphia Civic Center. A jury was chosen to select the show, each juror having the undisputed power to nominate several artists. There was to be no trading, no negotiation; each juror had absolute control over her list. This was a sophisticated decision, clearly intended to avert the risk of endless argument. The jurors are: Adelyn Breeskin (National Collection of Fine Arts), Anne d'Harnoncourt (Philadelphia Museum of Art), Lila Katzen (artist), Cindy Nemser (art critic), Marcia Tucker (Whitney Museum). The list breaks down to three museum-affiliated women (one senior, one local, one from New York), who outweigh the rest of the panel, one an artist, one a critic and editor of *The Feminist Art Journal*. A spectrum of feminist opinion is sampled; it is apparent that somebody had considered the casting of the jury carefully. However, the director of the Civic Center blew this sound plan.

One artist selected by Nemser is Judith Bernstein. She is a member of A.I.R., the women's co-op gallery in New York, where she held a one-woman show a few months ago. One of the works exhibited there was submitted to "Focus"; it is a 12½-foot-long charcoal drawing on paper, entitled "Horizontal." Like all Bernstein's work since 1969, the basic image is that of a screw, drawn on a vast scale. The reaction of the Civic Center Museum's director, John Pierron, reached the Philadelphia papers on March 22. In the *Daily News* he was quoted as saying. "To me, it's a penis. I have yet to see the redeeming social value in the work." Censors always act to defend other people. According to the *Inquirer*, Pierron said: "It offends me on behalf of the children of this city." Enlarging on this, he added that the Civic Center, being a city museum, does not have the freedom enjoyed by, to use his example, the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Pierron evidently believes that the latter museum is free to show work of no "redeeming social value," i.e., pornography; it would be interesting to know how the director, Evan H. Turner, reacts to this view by a local colleague, of his institution's responsibilities.

In addition to criticizing Bernstein, Pierron insulted the expert jury—specifically Nemser but implicitly the selection process and, therefore, the other jurors. The jury itself could be an optimum source of resistance, but it has not turned out that way. It appears that the jury has separated into its museum and non-museum groups. A public letter of March 29 from Lila Katzen and Cindy Nemser objected unequivocally to the "censorship and removal" of "Horizontal." It was signed by only two of the five jurors because the three museum employees could not be reached for discussion. No complaint has come from Breeskin, a respected senior museum official, or from d'Harnoncourt, younger but on the spot and supposedly with local influence. But on April 3, Marcia Tucker announced that she would resign as a juror unless the Bernstein were reinstated.

The chance of coordinated action by the jurors has been delayed, perhaps lost. The next circle of potential resistance lies in the other artists selected for "Focus," to whose continued presence in "Women's Work" Pierron consents. Will they be prepared to stay there on his sufferance? Protest from the local artists, though their ability to apply pressure would be effective, is unlikely, since they already resent the show for other reasons. How about the Philadelphian intelligentsia? Do they acquiesce in censorship? It seems that they do because so far all the protests have come from New York. One letter, representing the full membership of A.I.R., called for the decision to be rescinded. Another, carrying nineteen signatories that range alphabetically from Carl Andre to Tom Wesselman, was sent to Pierron on March 23. A third, with thirty-six signatories, followed.

It should be said that Judith Bernstein's work bears a logical relationship to the tradition of mechanomorphic imagery in 20th-century art. This term of Wolfgang Paalen, coined as an antithesis of biomorphism, neatly characterizes imagery that combines technological and anatomical references. Max Ernst and Francis Picabia in 1917-20 explored such imagery (Picabia's "Child Carburetor" is an example), as have various other artists, including, recently, Claes Oldenburg. In his projected giant lipstick monument to replace Eros in Piccadilly Circus, or in the military tank surmounted by a lipstick column at Yale, there is a comparable ironic eroticism. The sexual metaphor is certainly present in Bernstein, but so are other things: those who saw her show at A.I.R. will remember its robust architectural character no less than its allusions. □

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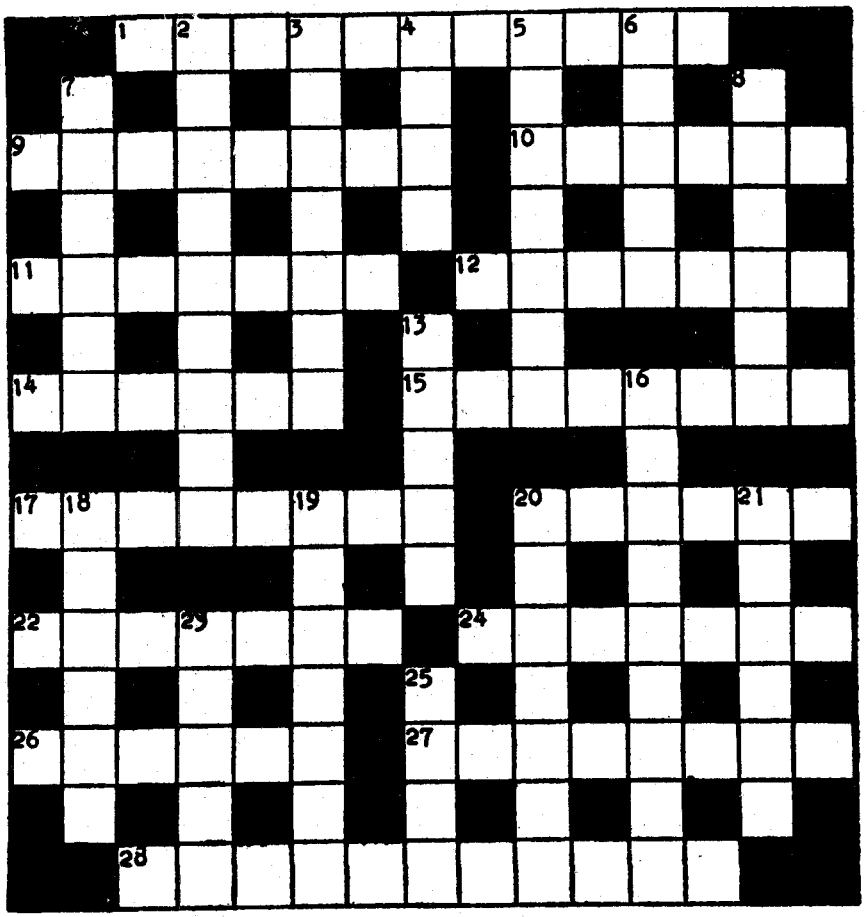

ACROSS

1 What a chatterbox has? The subject does something for us! (6,5)
9 It might involve pounding your feet, but they didn't like it here some time ago. (5,3)
10 An auto might be considered good by Parisians, especially if it's black. (6)
11 Piped up, perhaps, when a poor risk came first. (7)
12 Maybe skipped what the bull-fighter carried wrong-end-to. (7)
14 Sounds like the old club is rather loud and noisy! (6)
15 Our half isn't all that much younger than this! (3,5)
17 One of a couple on the stage we have fun with? (8)
20 Objectively she can follow a clever expression, being the woman she is! (6)
22 A speech at 10 Downing Street, possibly.
24 Did it used to be played by someone only a little like Euterpe? (7)
26 Strangely enough, Edward was an English composer. (6)
27 A comforter does for what the "Lost Chord" seeker toys with. (8)
28 A well-known 22 here might be associated with other than regular fans. (5,6)

DOWN

2 Do such people dislike being the subject of eccentric projection, with time to get bashful? (6-3)
3 It might be difficult to form such impressions of the 2 down. (7)
4 See 13 down
5 Where one is likely to find a fruit or a vegetable. (7)
6 A low-born example, that is, for a couple who discovered so much. (5)
7 Did he use a shovel to fill in the material for his horror-story? (6)
8 One who gets no interest with a number of the Latin type should more properly relate to the north. (6)
13 and 4 down A gourmand does find somewhere to sit, if romantic. (4-5)
16 Hitting the target, as one of Cyrano's enemies discoursed at length. (2,3,4)
18 A boy paved the way, just as the soup was served. (6)
19 Recommended as a heart stimulator? (7)
20 Electra was an attractive one, evidently.
21 Proving an aspen tree has nothing dangerous, of course. (6)
23 To do it successfully, must one have spirit, to a degree? (5)
25 Do they fly from the highest position of the deck? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1533

ACROSS: 1 Straw in the wind; 9 Visored; 10 Lasagne; 11 Narcissus; 12 Egret; 13 Sledges; 15 Iron age; 16 Chicago; 18 Low gear; 20 Ovolo; 21 Misinform; 23 Niblick; 24 Bonfire; 25 Prayer meetings. DOWN: 1 Savings account; 2 Reserve; 3 Working majority; 4 Nudes; 5 Hold still; 6 Waste not, want not; 7 Nigeria; 8 Kettledrummer; 14 Shoemaker; 17 Iron bar; 19 Erosion; 22 Sable.

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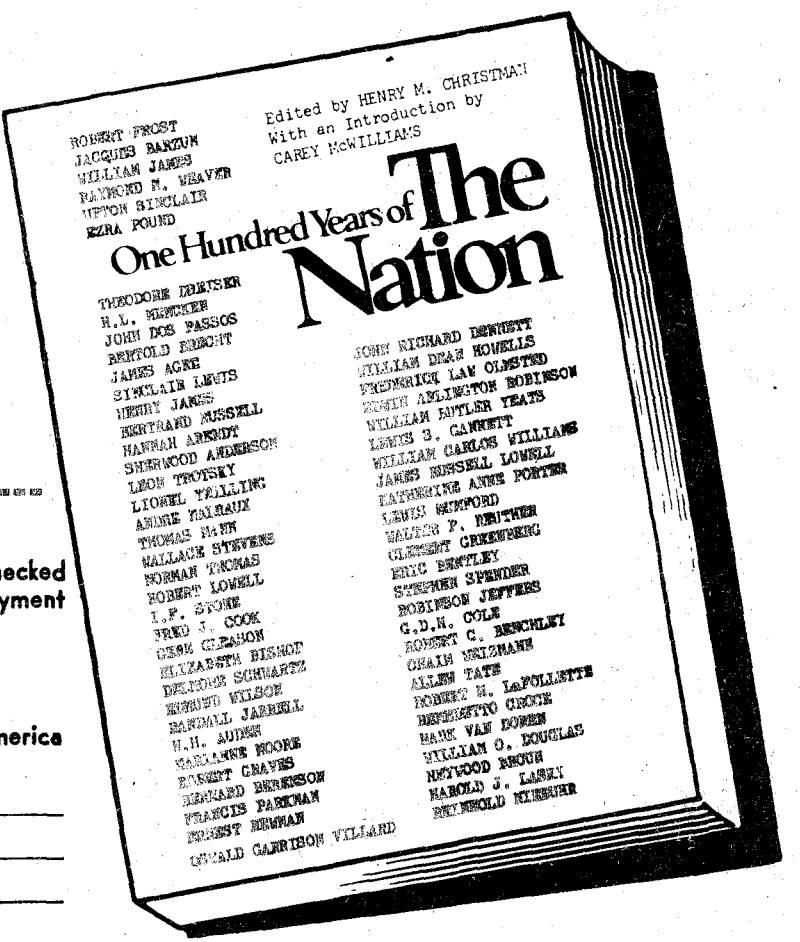

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